Spiritual Songs:

OR,

Songs of Praise

TO

Almighty God,

Upon Several OCCASIONS.

Together with the

SONG of SONGS,

Which is

SOLOMON's:

First Turn'd, then Paraphrased in *English* Verse: With an Addition of a Sacred POEM, on *Dives* and *Lazarus.*

To which is Added,

Penitential Cries.

BODLEIANA

The Tenth Edition Corrected.

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THE

PREFACE.

OUR Bleſſed Saviour immediately before he went out to ſuffer, Sung an Hymn, and his Diſciples Sung with him; after his Aſcenſion into Heaven, the Apoſtles Sung the Praiſes of God, and Taught others to do ſo. After them, Primitive Chriſtians Sung; and ſo muſt the Chriſtians of this Time. For if theſe ſhould hold their Peace, the Stones would immediately cry out: Should we be ſilent, even the Heathens *might ſhame us. One of whom ſaid formerly to his Friends,* If I was a Nightingale, I would Sing like a Nightingale, but now I am a Man, I will Sing the Praiſes of God as long as I live; and I would have you to Sing with me! *Sing we then heartily to our good God, as it ever becometh us; ſo dear to us ſhould the Concernment of God's Honour be, that we ſhould ſolemnly own his Goodneſs, Power and Wiſdom, even in thoſe Works of His, wherein we have no ſpecial Intereſt; for this we have the Example of Holy* David, *and others. But if we have not attained to ſo Divine a Frame, yet we ſhould at leaſt praiſe God for our own Mercies; which are ſcarce Mercies, ſcarce our own, if they be not thankfully acknowledged to Him that gave them; ſome of which are taken notice of in the Firſt Part of the Book. But who can expreſs the Noble Acts of the Lord, or ſhew forth all his Praiſes?*

Solomon's

The Preface.

Solomon's Songs *is an Heavenly Diſcourſe betwixt Chriſt and his Church; and O how he loves her! How he extols Her! How he admires Her! How he rejoices in her! It is a thing which cannot be duly thought upon without an holy Aſtoniſhment; as is his Majeſty, ſo is his Mercy, ſo is his Love, his Joy. Hence it is, that the day of his Eſpouſals, (a Day that Crown'd his Church with infinite Happineſs)* it's Styled, *The Day of the Gladneſs of his Heart*, Chap. 3. 11.

In the Verſion I look'd at the Words; in the Paraphraſe at the Spiritual Senſe; *in the whole at the Edification of thoſe that Love our Lord Jeſus Chriſt in* Sincerity.

Worthy is the Lamb that was Slain to receive Power, and Riches, and Wiſdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Bleſſing.

Let Heaven and Earth praiſe Him, let Saints and Angels praiſe Him.

Let God's Holy Church throughout all the World praiſe Him, let all the Tongues and Tribes of the Earth praiſe Him, let Time praiſe Him, let Eternity praiſe Him, let our Lips and our Lives praiſe Him, let our Souls praiſe Him: *And O may they be a Praiſe to the Riches of his Grace for ever!*

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Songs

Songs of Praiſe to Almighty God, upon ſeveral Occaſions.

I. *A general Song of Praiſe to Almighty God.*

(1.)

HOW ſhall I Sing that Majeſty
Which Angels do admire?
Let Duſt in Duſt and Silence lye,
Sing, Sing, ye Heavenly Quire.
Thouſands of Thouſands ſtand around
Thy Throne, O God, moſt High;
Ten Thouſand times Ten Thouſand ſound
Thy Praiſe; but who am I;

(2.)

Thy Brightneſs unto them appears
Whilſt I thy Footſteps trace;
A Sound of God comes to my Ears;
But they Behold thy Face.
They Sing becauſe thou art their Sun,
Lord, ſend a Beam on me;
For where Heav'n is but once begun,
There Hallelujahs be.

(3.)

Enlighten with Faith's Light my Heart,
Enflame it with Love's Fire,
Then ſhall I ſing and bear a part
With that Celeſtial Quire.
I ſhall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my Fire and Light:
Yet when thou doſt accept their Gold,
Lord Treaſure up my Mite.

(4.)

How great a Being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all Beings keep!
Thy Knowledge is the only Line
To ſound ſo vaſt a Deep.
Thou art a Sea without a Shore,
A Sun without a Sphere,
Thy Time is now and evermore,
Thy Place is every where.

(5.)

How good art thou whoſe Goodneſs is
Our Parent, Nurſe and Guide;
Whoſe Streams do water Paradiſe,
And all the Earth beſide!
Thine Upper and Thy Nether Springs
Make both thy Worlds to thrive:
Under thy warm and ſheltering Wings
Thou keep'ſt two Broods alive.

(6.)

(6.)

Thy Arm of Might, moſt mighty King,
Both Rocks and Hearts doth break:
My God, thou canſt do every thing
But what would ſhew thee Weak.
Thou canſt not croſs thy ſelf, or be
Leſs than thy ſelf, or poor;
But whatſoever pleaſeth Thee
That canſt thou do, and more.

(7.)

Who would not fear thy Searching Eye,
Witneſs to all that's true?
Dark Hell and deep Hypocriſie
Lye plain before its view.
Motions and Thoughts before they grow
Thy Knowledge doth eſpy,
What unborn Ages are to do,
Is done before thine Eye.

(8.)

Thy Wiſdom, which both makes and mends,
We ever much admire:
Creation all our Wit tranſcends;
Redemption riſes higher.
Thy Wiſdom guides ſtray'd Sinners home,
'Twill make the dead World riſe,
And bring thoſe Priſoners to their Doom:
Its Paths are Myſteries.

(9.)

Great is thy Truth, and ſhall prevail
To Unbelievers ſhame;
Thy Truth and Years do never fail;
Thou ever art the ſame.
Unbelief is a Raging Wave,
Daſhing againſt a Rock,
If God doth not his *Iſrael* ſave,
Then let *Egyptians* mock.

(10.)

Moſt pure and Holy are thine Eyes,
Moſt Holy is thy Name;
Thy Saints, and Laws, and Penalties,
Thy Holineſs proclaim.
This is the Devil's Scourge and Sting,
This is the Angels Song,
Who Holy, Holy, Holy Sing,
In Heavenly *Canaan*'s Tongue.

(11.)

Mercy, that ſhining Attribute,
The Sinner's Hope and Plea!
Huge Hoſts of Sins in their Purſuit
Are drown'd in thy Red Sea:
Mercy is God's Memorial,
And in all Ages prais'd;
My God, thine only Son did fall,
That Mercy might be rais'd.

(12.)

Thy bright Back-parts, O God of Grace,
I Humbly here Adore;
Shew me thy Glory and thy Face,
That I may praiſe Thee more.
Since none can ſee thy Face and live,
For me to die is beſt;
Thro' *Jordan*'s Streams who would not dive
To Land at *Canaan*'s Reſt?

Another.

(1.)

WHat ſhall I render to my God
For all his Giſts to me?
Sing Heav'n and Earth, rejoice and praiſe
His Glorious Majeſty.
Bright Cherubims, ſweet Seraphims;
Praiſe Him with all your might:
Praiſe, praiſe Him, all ye Hoſts of Heav'n,
Praiſe him ye Saints in Light.

(2.)

Ye bleſſed Patriarchs praiſe the Lord,
For his Firſt-fruits are ye;
Bleſs'd Prophets, who dreamt here of God,
Praiſe Him, who now you ſee.
Offer to God, ye Glorious Prieſts,
Your Sacrifice of Praiſe;
Sweet Pſalmiſt, now your Hearts are fixt,
Your Tuneful Voices raiſe.

(3.)

(3.)

Ye Twelve Apoſtles of the Lamb,
Who here proclaim'd your King,
And fill'd this World with Holy Sounds,
Loud Hallelujahs ſing.
Triumphant Martyrs ye did fight,
And fighting ye did fall,
And falling ye took up a Crown:
Crown Him who Crown'd you all.

(4.)

Praiſe, praiſe Him; all ye ſaved Ones,
From whom Salvation came;
Praiſe Him that ſits upon the Throne,
And praiſe the Glorious Lamb.
Praiſe, praiſe Him, all ye Saints below,
Praiſe Him both Eaſt and Weſt:
Praiſe Him, all ye baptized Lands,
Praiſe whom you have profeſs'd.

(5.)

O praiſe Him, all ye Crowned Heads,
That own the Chriſtian Name:
Praiſe Him, who is the King of Kings,
Raiſe and enlarge his Fame.
Praiſe Him, all Chriſtian Magiſtrates,
Gain Credit to his Ways:
Praiſe Him, ye Miniſters of God,
Teach others Him to praiſe.

(6.)

Praiſe Him our Famous Chriſtian Iſle,
Praiſe Him with one accord:

Let every Tongue, let every Tribe
Be taught to praiſe the Lord.
Praiſe Him, my Friends and Kindred all,
O praiſe him all your Days;
My Mind and Heart, my Lip and Life,
Join to Advance his Praiſe.

(7.)

O let me praiſe thee whilſt I live,
And praiſe thee when I die,
And praiſe thee when I riſe again,
And to Eternity.
Praiſe Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
The Father ſent his Son;
The Son ſends forth the Holy Ghoſt,
For Mens Salvation.

(8.)

Myſterious Depths of Endleſs Love
Our Admirations raiſe,
My God, thy Name exalted is
Far above all our Praiſe.

III. *A Song of Praiſe for Creation.*

(1.)

THou waſt, O God: And thou waſt Bleſt
Before the World begun;
Of thine Eternity Poſſeſt
Before Time's Glaſs did run.
Thou needeſt none thy Praiſe to ſing,
As if thy Joy Could fade:

Could'ſt

Could'ſt thou have needed any thing,
Thou could'ſt have nothing made.

(2.)

Great and Good God, it pleaſed Thee
Thy Godhead to declare;
And what thy Goodneſs did decree,
Thy Greatneſs did prepare:
Thou ſpak'ſt, and Heav'n and Earth appear'd
And anſwer'd to thy Call;
As if their Maker's Voice they heard,
Which is the Creatures *ALL*.

(3.)

Thou ſpak'ſt the Word, moſt mighty Lord,
Thy Word went forth with ſpeed;
Thy Will, O Lord, it was thy Word,
Thy Word it was thy Deed.
Thou brought'ſt forth *Adam* from the *Ground*,
And *Eve* out of his Side;
Thy Bleſſing made the Earth abound,
With theſe Two multiply'd.

(4.)

Thoſe three great Leaves, *Heav'n*, *Sea* and *Land*,
Thy Name in Figures ſhow;
Brutes feel the Bounty of thy Hand,
But I my Maker know.
Should not I here thy Servant be,
Whoſe Creatures ſerve me here?
My Lord, whom ſhould I fear but Thee,
Who am thy Creatures Fear?

(5.)

(5.)

To whom, Lord, ſhould I Sing, but Thee
The Maker of my Tongue!
Lo! Other Lords would ſeize on me,
But I to Thee belong.
As Waters haſte unto their *Sea*,
And Earth unto its Earth;
So let my Soul return to Thee,
From whom it had its Birth.

(6.)

But Ah! I'm fallen in the Night,
And cannot come to thee;
Yet ſpeak the Word, *Let there be Light*,
It ſhall Enlighten me:
And let thy Word, moſt Mighty Lord,
Thy Fallen Creature raiſe;
O make me o'er again, and I
Shall Sing my Maker's Praiſe.

IV. *A Song of Praiſe for Preſervation.*

(1.)

THou Lord, who raiſed'ſt *Heaven* and *Earth*,
Doſt make thy Building ſtand;
The Weight whereof doth wholly reſt
On thine Almighty Hand.
Should'ſt thou withdraw thy Hand of Might,
The Earth would quit its Place;
The ſhining Heaven would vaniſh ſtreight
Into meer Empty Space.

(2.)

(2.)

For as that Liquor's Scent remains
Which firſt the Cask did fill;
So Feeble Creatures hold the Scent
Of their Firſt Nothing ſtill:
Lord, what is Man, that Child of Pride,
That boaſts his High Degree?
If one poor moment he be left,
He ſinks, and where is he?

(3.)

In Thee I live, and move, and am;
Thou deal'ſt me out my Days;
As thou renew'ſt my Being, Lord,
Let me renew thy Praiſe.
From thee I am, through thee I am,
And for thee I muſt be;
'Tis better for me not to live
Than not to live to thee.

(4.)

My God, thou art my Glorious Sun,
By whoſe bright Beams I ſhine;
As thou, Lord, ever art with me,
Let me be ever thine.
Thou art my Living Fountain, Lord,
Whoſe Streams on me do flow;
My ſelf I render unto thee,
To whom my ſelf I owe.

(5.)

As thou Lord, an Immortal Soul
Haſt breathed into me;

So

So let my Soul be breathing forth
Immortal thanks to thee.

V. *A Song of Praiſe for Proviſion.*

(1.)

COme, let us praiſe our Maſter's Hand
Which gives us Daily Bread;
Thy Houſe, my Lord, is full of Gueſts,
Thy Table richly ſpread:
Earth is thy Table, where thy Gueſts
Do daily ſit and feed;
Thy Hand Carves every one his Part,
And ſuffers none to Need.

(2.)

Naked came I into the World,
And nothing with me brought;
And nothing have I here deſerv'd,
Yet have I lacked Nought.
I do not bleſs my Labouring Hand,
My Labouring Head or Chance;
Thy Providence, moſt Gracious God,
Is mine Inheritance.

(3.)

Thy Bounty gives me Bread with Peace,
A Table free from Strife;
Thy Bleſſing is the Staff of Bread,
Which is the Staff of Life.
The People ſate in Companies,
My Saviour fed them all;

So

So all the Families of the Earth
Have Tables in God's Hall.

(4.)

The Vine and Olive Branches too
Are Nouriſh'd by thy Care;
Mercies we eat, Mercies we drink,
Mercies we daily wear.
Shall I repine againſt my God
That kept me all my Days?
Then let my Tongue forget to taſte,
When it forgets to praiſe.

VI. *A Song of Praiſe for Protection.*

(1.)

MY God, my only Help and Hope,
My ſtrong and ſure Defence:
For all my Safety and my Peace
I bleſs thy Providence.
The daily Favours of my God
I cannot Sing at large;
Yet let me make this Holy Boaſt,
I am th' Almighty's Charge.

(2.)

Lord, in the Day, thou art about
The Paths wherein I tread;
And in the Night, when I lye down,
Thou art about my Bed.
I travel through the Wilderneſs,
Free from the Beaſts of Prey;

The Wolves and Lions Mouths are ſtopp'd,
The Serpents creep away.

(3.)

In Preſervation God Creates,
Delivers in Protection;
Lord, every Moment of my Life
Is like a Reſurrection.
A thouſands Deaths I daily 'ſcape,
I paſs by many a Pit,
I Sail by many dreadful Rocks,
Where others have been ſplit.

(4.)

I ſee blind People with mine Eyes,
To Hoſpitals I walk,
I hear of them that cannot hear,
And of the Dumb I talk.
Lord, what am I that thou ſhould'ſt ſhew
Such Favour unto me?
My Bones and Senſes all muſt ſay,
Lord, who is like to thee?

VII. *A Song of Praiſe for Health.*

(1.)

HEalth is a Jewel dropt from Heav'n,
Which Mony cannot buy,
The Life of Life, the Bodies Peace,
And pleaſant Harmony.
Lord, who hath Tun'd my outward Man
To ſuch a lively Frame,

Skrew up my Heart-ſtrings all, to make
Sweet Melody to thy Name.

(2.)

Whilſt others in God's Priſons lye,
Bound with Afflictions Chains
I walk at large, ſecure and free
From Sickneſs and from Pains.
Their Life is Death, their Language groans,
Their Meat is Juice of Galls;
Their Friends, but ſtrangers; wealth but want;
Their Houſes, Priſon-walls.

(3.)

Their earneſt Cries do pierce the Skies,
And ſhall I ſilent be?
Lord, were I ſick, as I am well,
Thou ſhould'ſt have heard from me.
The Sick have not more cauſe to pray,
Than I to praiſe my King:
Since Nature teaches them to groan,
Let Grace teach me to ſing.

(4)

I ſee my Friends, I taſte my Meat,
I'm free for mine Employ:
But when I do enjoy my God,
Then I my ſelf enjoy.
Lord, who doſt ſet me on my Feet,
Direct me in thy ways:
O Crown thy Gift of Health with Grace,
And turn it to thy Praiſe.

VIII. *A ſong of Praiſe for Family-Proſperity.*

(1.)

THy Bleſſing, Lord, doth multiply
One *Jacob* to Two Bands,
One Perſon to a Family,
Which through thy Bleſſing ſtands.
On all my Flocks both great and ſmall
Thy Sun doth ſweetly Shine;
Thy fruitful Drops do gently fall
On every Branch of mine.

(2.)

Thy Bleſſing made the Loaves to grow,
And Multitudes were fed:
My Houſe is fill'd and feaſted too;
It is an Houſe of Bread.
How can I hear my Children Sing,
And not Sing unto thee?
Since they glad News from Heav'n do bring,
My God muſt hear from me.

(3.)

Mine Olive Branches and my Vine
Thrive by my Table's Side,
Whilſt others wither and decline,
Who in Death's Shade abide.
With Cov'nant Blood my Poſts are Red,
'Tis on my Lintle found;
And Lo! The Line of Scarlet Thread
Is on my Window bound.

(4.)

'Tis not, my God, my ſelf alone,
But mine, to Thee I owe;
Thou mad'ſt me many out of one,
So let thy Praiſes grow.
Whatever, Lord, is done to thine,
Thou count'ſt it done to thee:
And whatſoever's done to mine.
I count it done to me.

(5.)

Let me be ever good to thine,
Who art ſo good to me!
Let thine be mine, and mine be thine,
And they twice mine ſhall be;
Then ſhall my Houſe a Temple be,
Then I and mine ſhall Sing
Hoſanna's to thy Majeſty,
And praiſe our Heavenly King,

IX. *A Song of Praiſe for good Succeſs in honeſt Affairs.*

(1.)

IS not the Hand of God in this?
Is not this End divine?
Lord of Succeſs, Thee will I bleſs,
Who on my Path's do'ſt ſhine.
I Reap the Fruit of God Divine,
By him it was foreſeen;

He

He thought of this as well as I,
Or it had never been.

(2.)

I Blindly gueſs'd but he foreknew,
I wiſh'd, he did command ;
Wherefore I praiſe his careful Eye,
And his unerring Hand.
The Bow is drawn by feeble Arms,
Aim taken in the Dark,
A Providential Hand doth Guide
The Arrow to the Mark,

(3.)

Except the Lord the City keep,
The Watchmen will be ſlain ;
Except the Lord do build the Houſe,
The Builder builds in vain.
Buildings are *Babels*, Cities Heaps,
When thou ſend'ſt *Curſe* or *Flame* ;
And labouring Heads that promiſe Fruit,
Oft bring forth Wind and Shame.

(4.)

But thou haſt *Crown'd* my Actions, *Lord*,
With good Succeſs to Day ;
This Crown, together with my ſelf,
At thy Bleſt Feet I lay.
Lord, who art pleas'd to proſper me,
To bleſs me in my Ways ;
Proſper my weak endeavouring Heart,
Which aimeth at thy Praiſe.

X. *A Song of Praiſe for the Morning.*

(1.)

MY God was with me all this Night,
And gave me ſweet Repoſe;
My God did watch even whilſt I ſlept,
Or I had never roſe:
How many groan'd and wiſh'd for Sleep
Until they wiſh'd for Day,
Meas'ring ſlow Hours with their quick Pains,
Whilſt I ſecurely lay!

(2.)

Whilſt I did ſleep, all Dangers ſlept,
No Thieves did me affright;
Thoſe Evening Wolves, thoſe Beaſts of Prey,
Diſturbers of the Night.
No raging Flames nor Storms did rend
The Houſe that I was in;
I heard no dreadful Cries without,
No doleful Groans within.

(3.)

What Terrors have I 'ſcap'd this Night,
Which have on others fell;
My Body might have ſlept it's laſt,
My Soul have wak'd in Hell.
Sweet Reſt hath gain'd that Strength to me
Which Labour did devour:
My Body was in Weakneſs ſown,
But it is rais'd in Power.

(4.)

(4.)

Lord, for the Mercies of the Night
My humble Thanks I pay,
And unto thee I dedicate
The Firſt-fruits of the Day,
Let this Day praiſe Thee, O my God,
And ſo let all my Days:
And O let mine Eternal Day
Be thine Eternal Praiſe.

XI. *A Song of Praiſe for the Evening.*

(1.)

NOW from the Altar of my Heart
Let incenſe Flames ariſe;
Aſſiſt me, Lord, to offer up
Mine Evening Sacrifice.
Awake, my Love; Awake, my Joy;
Awake my Heart and Tongue;
Sleep not; when Mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a Song.

(2.)

Man's Life's a Book of Hiſtory,
The Leaves thereof are Days,
The Letters Mercies cloſely join'd,
The Title is thy Praiſe.
This Day God was my Sun and Sheild,
My keeper and my Guide;
His Care was on my Frailty ſhewn,
His Mercies multiply'd.

(3.)

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd,
Have made up all this Day;
Minutes came quick, but Mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
New Time, new Favour, and new Joys,
Do a new Song require;
Till I ſhall praiſe Thee as I would,
Accept my Heart's deſire.

(4.)

Lord of my Time, whoſe Hand hath ſet
New Time upon my Score;
Then ſhall I praiſe for all my Time,
When Time ſhall be no more.

XII. *A Song of Praiſe for the Birth of Chriſt.*

(1.)

AWay dark thoughts; awake my Joy;
Awake, my Glory, Sing;
Sing Songs to Celebrate the Birth
Of *Jacob*'s God and King.
O happy Night that brought forth Light,
Which makes the Blind to ſee!
The day-Spring from on High came down
To Chear and Viſit Thee,

(2.)

The wakeful Shepherds near their Flocks
Were watchful for the Morn;
But better News from Heav'n was brought,
Your Saviour Chriſt is Born.

In

In *Bethlem*-Town the Infant lyes,
Within a place obſcure;
O Little *Bethlem*, poor in Walls,
But rich in Furniture!

(3.)

Since Heaven is now come down to Earth,
Hither the Angels fly!
Hark how the Heav'nly Quire doth Sing,
Glory to God on High.
The News is ſpread, the Church is glad,
Simeon o'er-come with Joy,
Sings with the Infant in his Arms.
Now let thy Servant die.

(4.)

Wiſe Men from far beheld the Star,
Which was their faithful Guide,
Until it pointed forth the Babe,
And him they glorified.
Do Heaven and Earth Rejoice and Sing,
Shall we our Chriſt deny?
He's Born for us, and we for Him;
Glory to God on High.

XIII. *A Song of Praiſe for Chriſt.*

(1.)

I'VE found the Pearl of greateſt price,
My Heart doth Sing for Joy;
And Sing I muſt, a Chriſt I have,
O what a Chriſt have I?

Chriſt

Chriſt is the Way, the Truth and Life,
The Way to God and Glory;
Life to the Dead, the Truth of Types,
The Truth of Ancient Story.

(2.)

Chriſt is a Prophet, Prieſt and King;
A Prophet full of Light.
A Prieſt that ſtands 'twixt God and Man,
A King that Rules with Might.
Chriſt's Manhood is a Temple, where,
The Altar, God doth Reſt;
My Chriſt he is the Sacrifice;
My Chriſt he is the Prieſt.

(3.)

My Chriſt he is the Lord of Lords,
He is the King of Kings;
He is the Son of Righteouſneſs,
With Healing in his Wings.
My Chriſt he is the Tree of Life
Which in God's Garden grows,
Whoſe Fruits do feed, whoſe Leaves do heal;
My Chriſt is *Sharon*'s Roſe.

(4.)

Chriſt is my Meat, Chriſt is my Drink,
My Phyſick, and my Health,
My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,
My Glory, and my Wealth.
Chriſt is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love,
My Head, my Hope, my Counſellor,
My Advocate above.

(5.)

(5.)

My Chriſt he is the Heaven of Heaven;
My Chriſt what ſhall I call?
My Chriſt is Firſt, my Chriſt is Laſt,
My Chriſt is All in All.

XIV. *A Song of Praiſe for Redemption.*

(1.)

O That I had an Angel's Tongue,
That I might loudly Sing,
The Wonders of Redeeming Love
To Thee my God and King!
But Man, who at the Gates of Hell
Did Pale and Speechleſs lye,
Muſt find a Tongue and Time to ſpeak,
Or elſe the Stones will cry.

(2.)

Let the Redeemed of the Lord
Their thankful Voices raiſe:
Can we be Dumb whilſt Angels Sing
Our great Redeemer's Praiſe?
Come let us join with Angels then,
Glory to God on High;
Peace upon Earth, Good-Will to Men,
Amen, Amen, ſay I.

(3.)

Poor *Adam*'s Race was Satan's Prey,
And Duſt the Serpent's Food:
We that were doom'd to be devour'd,
Naked and Trembling ſtood.

A Wiſe Eternal Pity then
Did helpleſs Men befriend;
Our Help did in God's Boſom lye,
And thence it did aſcend.

(4.)

Love cloathed with Humility,
Built here an Houſe of Clay,
In which it dwelt and reſcu'd Man;
The Devil loſt his prey.
The ſpiteful Serpent bruis'd Chriſt's Heel,
But then Chriſt break his Head,
And left him Nail'd upon the Croſs,
On which his Blood was ſhed.

(5.)

Sing and Triumph in boundleſs Grace,
Which thus hath ſet thee free;
Extol with ſhouts, my ſaved Soul,
Thy Saviour's Love to thee.
Give endleſs Thanks to God, and ſay,
What Love was this in thee,
That thou haſt not withheld thy Son,
Thine only Son from Me!

(6.)

What were Ten Thouſand Worlds to him,
Thine Image and Delight?
Had we been all caſt down to Hell
Juſtice had had its Right
Thy Glory might have been diſtrain'd,
Our Torments ſhould expreſs

Thy

Thy Pureneſs, Juſtice, Might and Truth,
And Everlaſtingneſs.

(7.)

Thus, Lord, thy dreadful Attributes
Man might have ſerv'd to prove;
Thy glorious Angels would have Sung
The Riches of thy Love.
Would'ſt thou have active Worſhippers,
Beſides the Angels Quire?
Millions had Iſſu'd at thy Word,
As Sparks ariſe from Fire.

(8.)

Man's Room had quickly been ſupply'd,
For, Lord, at thy Command
A New Creation ſhould appear;
Thy Grace could make them ſtand.
Or would'ſt thou ſhew thy Pity, Lord?
Thou might'ſt have looked then
On Fallen Angels, Fallen Stars,
And not on Fallen Men.

(9.)

But Fallen Angels muſt be left,
And Fallen Men Muſt riſe;
For this the Son of God muſt fall
A Bloody Sacrifice.
Thy Deep and Glorious Councels, Lord,
With Trembling I Adore;
Bleſſed, thrice bleſſed be my God,
Bleſſed for evermore.

XV. *A Song of Praiſe for the Goſpel.*

(1.)

BLeſt be my God that I was Born
To hear the Joyful Sound;
That I was Born to be Baptiz'd,
And Bred on Holy Ground.
That I was Bred where God appears,
In Tokens of his Grace;
The Lines are fallen unto me
In a moſt pleaſant Place.

(2.)

I might have been a *Pagan* Bred,
Or elſe a Veiled *Jew*,
Or cheated with an *Alcoran*
Among the *Turkiſh* Crew.
Dumb Pictures might have been my Books,
Dark Language my Devotion;
And ſo I might with blinded Eyes
Have drunk a deadly Potion.

(3.)

So in a Dungeon dark as Night
I might have ſpent my Days;
But thou haſt ſent me Goſpel-Light,
To thine Eternal Praiſe.
The Sun which roſe up in the Eaſt,
And drove their Shades away,
His Healing Wings have reach'd the *Weſt*,
And turn'd our Night to Day.

(4.)

(4.)

England at firſt an *Egypt* was,
Since that proud *Babel*'s Slave;
At laſt a *Canaan* it became,
And then my Birth it gave.
Bleſt be my God that I have ſlept
The diſmal Night away,
Being kept in Providences Womb,
To *England*'s brighteſt Day.

(5.)

Bleſt be my God for what I ſee,
My God for what I hear;
I hear ſuch bleſſed News from Heaven,
Nor Earth nor Hell I fear.
I hear my Lord for me was Born,
My Lord for me did Die,
My Lord for me did Riſe again,
And did aſcend on High.

(6.)

On High he ſtands to plead my Cauſe,
And will return again,
And ſet me on a Glorious Throne,
That I with him may Reign.
Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son,
Glory to God the Holy Ghoſt,
Glory to God Alone.

XVI:

XVI. *A Song of Praiſe for a Goſpel-Miniſtry.*

(1.)

FAir are the Feet which bring the News,
Of Gladneſs unto Me;
What Happy Meſſengers are theſe
Which my bleſs'd Eyes do ſee!
Theſe are the Stars which God appoints
For Guides unto my Way,
To lead me unto *Bethlem*-Town,
Where my dear Saviour Lay.

(2.)

Theſe are my God's Ambaſſadors,
By whom his Mind I know,
God's Angels in his lower Heav'n,
God's Trumpeters below.
The Trumpet ſound, the Dead ariſe,
Which fell by *Adam*'s Hand;
Again the Trumpet ſounds, and they
Set forth for *Canaan*'s Land.

(3.)

Thy Servants ſpeak, but thou, Lord, doſt
An hearing Ear beſtow;
They ſmite the Rock, but thou, my God,
Doſt make the Waters flow;
They ſhoot the Arrow, but thy Hand
Doth drive the Arrow home;
They call, but, Lord, thou doſt compel,
And then thy Gueſts are come.

(4.)

(4.)

Angels that fly, and Worms that creep,
Are both alike to Thee;
If thou mak'ſt Worms thine Angels, Lord,
They bring my God to me.
As Sons of Thunder firſt they come,
And I the Lightning fear;
But then they bring me to my Home,
And Sons of Comfort are.

(5.)

Lord, thou art in them of a Truth,
That I might never ſtray;
The Clouds and Pillars march before,
And ſhew me *Canaan*'s Way:
I bleſs my God, who is my Guide;
I ſing in *Sion*'s Ways:
When ſhall I ſing on *Sion*'s Hill
Thine Everlaſting Praiſe?

XVII. *A Song of Praiſe for Holy Baptiſm.*

(1.)

LOrd, what is Man, that Lump of Sin,
Made up of Earth and Hell?
Not fit to come within the Camp
Where Holy Angels dwell.
Man is a Leper from the Womb,
An *Ethiopian* Born,
A Traytor's Guilty Son and Heir,
Worthy of Pain and Scorn.

(2.)

And doſt thou look on ſuch a one?
Are not thine Eyes moſt pure?
But they are Eyes of Pity too,
Where Griefs do beg a Cure.
This Leper is a loathſom Sight,
But Pity caſts an Eye,
And bids him waſh in *Jordan*'s Streams,
To Cure his Leproſie.

(3.)

The *Ethiopian*'s Skin is chang'd,
And made as white as Snow,
When dipt in Wonder-working Streams.
Which from Chriſt's Side did flow.
As *Adam* ſlept, and from his Side
A killing *Eve* aroſe;
From my pierc'd Lord (that ſmitten Rock)
A pure Life-fountain flows.

(4)

Ah what a tainted Wretch is Man!
And ſo he muſt have ſtood,
But lo! An Act of Sovereign Grace
Reſtores him to his Blood.
Save me, my God, for I am thine,
Lord, own thy Seal to me;
O waſh my Soul till it be cleans'd,
And purify'd for thee.

(5.)

Bleſt above Streams is *Jordan*'s Flood,
Which toucheth *Canaan*'s Shore;

I'll ſing thy Praiſe in *Jordans* Streams,
In *Canaan* evermore.

XVIII. *A Song of Praiſe for the Lord's Supper.*

(1.)

O Praiſe the Lord! Praiſe him, praiſe him,
Sing Praiſes to his Name;
O all ye Saints of Heaven and Earth,
Extol and Laud the ſame;
Who ſpared not his only Son,
But gave him for us all,
And made him drink the Cup of Wrath,
The Wormwood and the Gall.

(2.)

Frail Nature ſhrunk and did requeſt
That bitter Cup might paſs;
But he muſt drink it off, and this
The Father's Pleaſure was
Lo then I come to do thy Will,
His bleſſed Son reply'd,
Yielding himſelf to God and Man,
He ſtretch'd his Arms and dy'd.

(3.)

He Dy'd indeed, but Roſe again,
And did aſcend on High,
That we poor Sinners, Loſt and Dead,
Might Live eternally.
Good Lord, how many Souls in Hell
Doth Vengeance vex and Tear?

Were it for a Dying Chriſt
Our dwelling had been there.

(4.)

His Blood was ſhed inſtead of ours,
His Soul our Hell did bear ;
He took our Sin, gave us Himſelf,
What an exchange is here !
Whatever is not Hell it ſelf,
For us it is too good :
But muſt we Eat the fleſh of Chriſt?
And muſt we Drink his Blood ?

(5.)

His Fleſh is Heav'nly Food indeed,
His Blood is Drink Divine,
His Graces drop, like Honey falls,
His Comforts taſte like Wine.
Sweet Chriſt, thou haſt refreſh'd our Souls
With thine abundant Grace ;
For which we magnifie thy Name,
Longing to ſee thy Face.

(9)

When ſhall our Souls mount up to Thee,
Moſt Holy, Juſt, and True,
To eat that Bread, and drink that Wine,
Which is for ever New?

XIX. *A Song of Praiſe for the Lord's-day.*

(1.)

MY Lord, my Love, was Crucified,
He all the Pains did Bear;

But

But in the Sweetneſs of his Reſt
He makes his Servants Share
How ſweetly Reſt thy Saints above,
Which in thy Boſom lye?
Thy Church below doth Reſt in Hope
Of that Felicity.

(2.)

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'ſt thy ſheep,
Mak'ſt them a weekly Feaſt;
Thy Flocks meet in their ſeveral Folds
Upon this Day of Reſt.
Welcome and dear unto my Soul,
Are theſe ſweet Feaſts of Love,
But what a Sabbath ſhall I keep
When I ſhall reſt above!

(3.)

I bleſs thy wiſe and wondrous Love,
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our Earthly Snares
That we may come to Thee
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy Footſteps, Lord I trace;
I ſing to think this is the Way
Unto my Saviour's Face.

(4.)

Theſe are my Preparation Days;
And when my Soul is Dreſt,
Theſe Sabbaths ſhall deliver me,
To mine Eternal Reſt,

XX. *Another.*

(1.)

BLeſt Day of God, moſt calm, moſt bright,
The firſt and beſt of Days;
The *Lab'rour*'s Reſt, the *Saint*'s Delight,
A Day of Mirth and Praiſe
My Saviour's Face did make thee ſhine,
His Riſing did thee Raiſe;
This made thee Heavenly and Divine;
Beyond the common Days.

(2.)

The Firſt fruits do a Bleſſing prove
To all the Sheaves behind;
And they that do a Sabbath love
An happy Week ſhall find:
My Lord on thee his Name did fix,
Which makes thee Rich and Gay;
Amidſt his Golden Candleſticks
My Saviour walks this Day.

(3.)

He walks in's Robes, his Face ſhines bright,
The Stars are in his Hand;
Out of his Mouth, that place of Might,
A Two-edg'd Sword doth ſtand:
Grac'd with our *Lord*'s Appearence thus,
As well as with his Name,
Thou may'ſt demand Reſpect from us
Upon a double Claim.

(4.)

(4.)

This Day God doth his Veſſels broach;
His Conduits run with Wine;
He that loves not this Day's approach,
Scorns Heaven and Saviour's ſhine.
What Slaves are thoſe who ſlav'ry chuſe,
And Garlick for their Feaſt,
Whilſt Milk and Hony they refuſe,
And the Almighty's Reſt?

(5.)

This Market-day doth Saints enrich,
And ſmiles upon them all;
It is their *Pentecoſt*, on which
The Holy Ghoſt do fall.
O Day of Wonders! Mercies Pawn,
The weary Soul's Recruit,
The Chriſtian's *Goſhen*, Heavens Dawn,
The Bud of endleſs Fruit.

(6.)

Oh could I love as I have lov'd
Thy Watches heretofore:
As *England*'s Glory thou haſt prov'd,
May'ſt thou be ſo yet more.
This Day muſt I for God appear,
For, Lord, the Day is thine;
O let me ſpend it in thy Fear!
Then ſhall the Day be mine,

(7.)

Thro'out the Day, ceaſe Work and Play,
That I to God may reſt;

Now let me Talk with God, and Walk,
With God, and I am bleſt.

XXI. *A Song of Praiſe for the Patience of God.*

(1.)

ALmighty God, how haſt thou born
Wrongs not to be expreſt;
Daring Rebellion, Injur'd Love,
Light quenched in my Breaſt!
Man would be God, and down he fell,
To teach him better Skill;
Yet he lifts up his bruiſed Bones
Againſt his Maker ſtill.

(2.)

Lord, what a Monſter is baſe Man,
Thus given to Rebel!
O that thou doſt not cleave the Earth,
And ſend him quick to Hell.
His Sins for Wages loudly Cry,
Juſtice with dreadful ſound
Cries too, Cut down this fruitleſs Tree
Why cumbers it the Ground?

(3.)

But God waves his Advantages
Of Right and Vengeance too,
And by his ſingle Patience
Doth daring Man outdo
The Creature doth diſdain his God,
By whom he is maintain'd;

Yet

Yet God maintains this Rebel-worm,
By whom he is diſdain'd.

(4.)

Fool, ask not where th' Almighty is,
All Glory to him give;
Is not his Power fully prov'd
In ſuff'ring thee to Live;
Was he not God he could not bear
Such Weights as on him lye;
Weak things are quickly ſet on fire,
And to their Weapons fly:

(5.)

Why ſhould not Patience make me ſing,
When Hell would make me roar?
Lord, let thy Patience end in Love,
I'll ſing for evermore.

XXII. *A Song of Praiſe for Pardon of Sin.*

(1.)

MY God a God of Pardons is,
His Boſom gives me eaſe;
I have not, do not, pleaſe my God,
Yet Mercy him doth pleaſe.
My Sins aloud for Vengeance call,
But lo! A Fountain ſprings
From Chriſt's pierc'd Side, which louder cries,
And ſpeaketh better things.

(2.)

My Sins have reach'd up to the Heav'ns,
But Mercies height exceeds;

God's

God's Mercy is above the Heav'ns,
Above my ſinful Deeds;
My Sins are many, like the Stars,
Or Sands upon the Shore;
But yet the Mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.

(3.)

My Sins in bigneſs do ariſe
Like Mountains Great and Tall;
But Mercy, like a Mighty Sea,
Covers theſe Mountains all.
This is a Sea that's Bottomleſs,
A Sea without a Shore;
For where Sin hath abounded much,
Mercy abounds much more.

(4.)

Manaſſeh, *Paul* and *Magdalen*
Were Pardon'd all by thee;
I read it, and believe it, Lord,
For thou haſt pardon'd me.
When God ſhall ſearch the World for Sin,
What trembling will be there?
O Rocks and Mountains cover us
Will be the Sinner's Prayer.

(5.)

But the Lamb's Wrath they need not fear,
Who once have felt his Love;
And they that walk with God below,
Shall dwell with God above.
Rage Earth and Hell, come Life, come Death,
Yet ſtill my Song ſhall be, God

God was, and is, and will be Good,
And Merciful to me.

XXIII. *A Song of Praiſe for Peace of Conſcience.*

(1.)

MY God, my reconciled God,
Creator of my Peace,
Thee will I Love, and Praiſe and Sing
Till Life and Breath ſhall ceaſe.
My thoughts did rage, my Soul was toſt,
'Twas like a troubled Sea;
But what a mighty Voice is this,
Which Winds and Waves obey!

(2.)

God ſpeak the Word, *Peace and be ſtill*,
My Sins, thoſe Mutineers
With ſpeed went off, and took their flight,
Where now are all my Fears?
The World can neither give nor take,
Nor yet can underſtand,
That Peace of God which Chriſt hath brought
And gives me with his Hand.

(3.)

This is my Saviour's Legacy,
Confirm'd by his Deceaſe;
Ye ſhall have Trouble in the World,
In me ye ſhall have Peace,
And ſo it is, the World doth rage,
But Peace in me doth Reign.

And whilſt my God maintains the Fort,
Their Batt'ries are in vain.

(4.)

The Burning Buſh was not conſum'd
Whilſt God remained there;
The Three, when Chriſt did make the Fourth
Found Fire as meek as Air:
So is my Mem'ry ſtuft with Sins
Enough to make an Hell,
And yet my Conſcience is not ſcorch'd,
For God in me doth dwell.

(5.)

Where God doth dwell ſure Heav'n is there,
And Singing there muſt be;
Since, Lord, thy Preſence makes my Heaven,
Whom ſhould I ſing but thee?
My God, my reconciled God,
Creator of my Peace,
Thee will I Love, and Praiſe, and Sing,
Till Life and Breath ſhall ceaſe.

XXIV. *A Song of Praiſe for Joy in the Holy Ghoſt.*

(1.)

MY Soul doth magnifie the Lord,
My Spirit doth rejoice
In God my Saviour, and my God,
I hear his joyful Voice.
I need not go abroad for Joy,
Who have a feaſt at Home;

My

My Sighs are turned into Songs,
The Comforter is come.

(2.)

Down from above the Bleſſed Dove
Is come into my Breaſt,
To witneſs God's Eternal Love,
This is my Heav'nly Feaſt.
This makes me *Abba Father* cry
With Confidence of Soul;
It makes me cry, My Lord, my God,
And that without Controul.

(4)

There is a Stream which iſſues forth
From God's Eternal Throne,,
And from the Lamb a Living Stream,
Clear as the Chryſtial Stone!
This Stream doth water Paradiſe,
It makes the Angels ſing;
One Cordial Drop revives my Heart,
Hence all my Joys do ſpring.

(4.)

Such Joys as are unſpeakable,
And full of Glory too;
Such hidden *Manna*, hidden Pearls,
As Worldlings do not know.
Eye hath not ſeen, nor Ear hath heard,
From Fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, haſt laid up for thine,
And haſt to me reveal'd.

(5.)

(5.)

I ſee thy Face, I hear thy voice,
I taſte thy ſweeteſt Love;
My Soul doth leap; but O for Wings,
The Wings of *Noah*'s Dove!
Then ſhould I flee far hence away,
Leaving this World of Sin;
Then ſhould my Lord put forth his Hand,
And kindly take me in.

(6.)

Then ſhould my Soul with Angels Feaſt
On Joys that always laſt;
Bleſt be my God, the God of Joy,
Who gives me here a Taſte.

XXV. *A Song of Praiſe for Grace.*

(1.)

O God of Grace, who haſt reſtor'd
Thine Image unto me,
Which by my Sins was quite defac'd,
What ſhall I render Thee?
Thine Image and Inſcription, Lord
Upon my Heart I bear;
Thine own I render unto thee
O God, my God moſt dear

(2.)

My ſelf I owe thee for my ſelf,
Whom thou did'ſt make of Earth;
But thou haſt made me o'er again,
Thou gav'ſt a Second Birth.

Twice

Twice born, and twice endued with Life,
I haſt to come to thee,
To pay my Vows, my Thanks, my Heart,
With all Humility.

(3.)

O was I Born firſt from Beneath!
And then Born from Above!
Am I a Child of Man and God?
O Rich and Endleſs Love!
When I had broke the Tables, Lord,
New Tables thou didſt hew,
And with thy Finger didſt Engrave
Thy Laws on them anew,

(4.)

Earth is my Mother, Earth my Nurſe,
And Earth muſt be my Tomb;
Yet God, the God of Heav'n and Earth,
My Father is become.
Hell enter'd me, and into Hell
I quickly ſhould have run;
But O! Kind Heav'n laid hold on me;
Heav'n is in me begun.

(5.)

This Spark will riſe into a Flame,
This Seed into a Tree;
My Songs ſhall riſe, my Praiſes ſhall
Loud *Hallelujahs* be.

XXVI. *A Song of Praiſe for Anſwer of Prayer.*

(1.)

WHat are the Heav'ns, O God of Heaven!
Thou art more bright, more high;
What are bright Stars, and brighter Saints,
To thy bright Majeſty!
Thou'rt far above the Songs of Heav'n,
Sung by thy Holy Ones;
And doſt thou ſtoop and bow thine Ear
To a poor Sinner's Groans.

(2.)

God minds the Language of my Heart,
My Groans and Sighs he hears;
He hath a Book for my Requeſt,
A Bottle for my Tears.
But did not my dear Saviour's Blood
Firſt waſh away their Guilt,
My Sighs would prove but empty Air,
My Tears would all be ſpilt.

(3.)

Lord, thine Eternal Spirit was
My Advocate within;
But O! My Smoak join'd with thy Flame,
My Prayer was mixt with Sin.
But then Chriſt was my Altar, and
My Advocate above,
His Blood did clear my Prayer, and gain'd
An Anſwer full of Love.

(4.)

(4.)

It could not be that thou ſhouldſt hear
A Mortal ſinful Worm;
But that my Prayers preſented are
In a more glorious Form.
Chriſt's precious Hand took my Requeſts,
And turn'd my Droſs to Gold;
His Blood put warmth into my Prayers,
Which were by Nature cold.

(5.)

Thou heard'ſt my Groans for Jeſus ſake,
Whom thou doſt hear always;
Lord, hear through that prevailing Name
My Voice of Joy and Praiſe.

XXVII. *A Song of Praiſe for Deliverance from Enemies.*

(1.)

GReat God, who doſt the World command,
Thou check'ſt both Winds and Waves;
The Devils, which like Lions Roar,
Are thine Enchained Slaves.
The Sons of Rage are ſmoaking Brands,
And Idols fear'd in vain;
Thou, Lord, the only, only God,
Their Fury doſt reſtrain.

(2.)

Thou, Lord, didſt ſmooth fierce *Eſau*'s Brow,
And change his murm'ring Breath;
Thou gav'ſt to him a Brother's Heart,
Who vow'd his Brother's Death.
Angels have arm'd at thy Command,
And Stars have ſhot their Dart,
Nature hath fought, and Miracles
Have took thy Churches part.

(3.)

Thee, Lord, who ſtill thy Church doſt love,
All Creatures muſt obey;
And when for thine thou doſt ariſe,
Their En'mies where are they?
I cry'd to Heaven in my Diſtreſs,
I to my God did flee,
He with Compaſſion heard my cry,
He did ariſe for me.

(4.)

With humble Fear and thankful Joy,
Lord, at thy Feet I fall,
Unfeignedly acknowledging
That Thou alone doſt all.
Thou art all Pow'r, thou art all Love,
And ſo thou art to me;
Bleſt be my God, now and henceforth,
And to Eternity.

XXVIII.

XXVIII. *A Song of Praiſe for Deliverance from Spiritual Troubles.*

(1.)

I That am drawn out of the Depth
Will ſing upon the Shore;
I that in Hell's dark Suburbs lay
Pure Mercy will adore:
The Terrors of the Living God
My Soul did ſo affright;
I fear'd leſt I ſhould be condemn'd
To an Eternal Night.

(2.)

Kind was the Pity of my Friends,
But could not eaſe my ſmart.
Their Words indeed did reach my Caſe,
But could not reach my Heart.
Ah, then what was this World to me,
To whom God's Word was dark!
Who in my Dungeon cou'd not ſee
One Beam, or ſhining Spark.

(3.)

What then were all the Creatures Smiles,
When the Creator frown'd?
My Days were Nights, my Life was Death,
My Being was my Wound.
Tortur'd and wrack'd with Helliſh Fears
When God the Blow ſhould give,
Mine Eyes did fail, my Heart did ſink,
Then Mercy bid me live.

(4.)

God's Furnace doth in *Sion* ſtand,
But *Sion*'s God ſits by;
As the Refiner views his Gold
With an obſervant Eye.
God's Thoughts are high, his Love is wiſe,
His Wounds a Cure intend;
And tho he doth not always ſmile,
He loves unto the end.

(5.)

Thy Love is conſtant to its Line,
Tho' Clouds oft come between;
O could my Faith but pierce theſe Clouds,
It might be always ſeen.
But I am weak, and forc'd to cry,
Take up my Soul to thee;
Then as thou ever art the ſame
So ſhall I ever be.

(6.)

Then ſhall I ever, ever ſing,
Whilſt thou doſt ever ſhine;
I have thine own dear Pledge for this,
Lord, thou art ever mine.

XXIX. *A Song of Praiſe for Deliverance from Imminent Dangers of Death.*

(1.)

LOrd of my Life, length of my Days,
Thy Hand hath reſcu'd me;
Who lying at the Gates of Death
Among the Dead, was free.

My

My deareſt Friends I had reſign'd
Unto their Maker's Care;
Methought I only time had left
For a concluding Prayer.

(2.)

Methoughts Death laid his Hand on me,
And did his Pris'ner bind;
And by the ſound methoughts I heard
His Maſters Feet behind.
Methoughts I ſtood upon the Shore,
And nothing could I ſee
But the Vaſt *Ocean* with my Eyes,
A Vaſt Eternity.

(3.)

Methought I heard the Midnight Cry,
Behold the Bridegroom comes;
Methoughts I was call'd to the Bar,
Where Souls receive their Dooms.
The World was at an end to me,
As if it all did Burn;
But lo! There came a Voice from Heav'n,
Which order'd my Return.

(4.)

Lord, I return'd at thy Command,
What wilt thou have me do?
O let me wholly live to Thee,
To whom my Life I owe!
Fain would I dedicate to Thee
The Remnant of my Days;

Lord, with my life renew my Heart,
That both thy Name may Praiſe.

XXX. *A Song of Praiſe for the Hope of Glory*

(1.)

I Sojourn in a Vale of Tears,
Alas, how can I ſing!
My Harp doth on the Willows hang,
Diſ-tun'd in every ſtring
My Muſick is a Captives Chains,
Harſh Sounds my Ears do fill;
How ſhall I ſing ſweet *Sion*'s Song
On this ſide *Sion*'s Hill?

(2.)

Yet lo! I hear a a joyful Sound,
Surely I quickly come;
Each Word much ſweetneſs doth diſtil
Like a full Honey-Comb.
And doſt thou come, my deareſt Lord?
And doſt thou ſurely come?
And doſt thou ſurely quickly come?
Methinks I am at Home?

(3.)

Come then my deareſt, deareſt Lord;
My ſweeteſt, ſureſt Friend;
Come, for I loath theſe *Kedar* Tents
Thy fiery Chariots ſend.
What have I here? My Thoughts and Joys
Are all pack'd up and gone;
My eager Soul would follow them,
To thine Eternal Throne.

(4.)

(4.)

What have I in this Barren Land?
My Jeſus is not here;
Mine Eyes will ne'er be bleſt until
My Jeſus doth appear.
My Jeſus is gone up to Heav'n,
To get get a place for me;
For 'tis his Will that where he is
There ſhould his Servants be.

(5.)

Canaan I view from *Piſgah*'s Top,
Of *Canaan*'s Grapes I taſte,
My Lord, who ſends unto me here
Will ſend for me at laſt.
I have a God that changeth not
Why ſhould I be perplext?
My God that owns me in this World,
Will own me in the next.

(6.)

Go fearleſs then, my Soul, with God
Into another Room;
Thou who haſt walked with him here,
Go ſee thy God at Home.
View Death with a believing Eye,
It hath an Angel's Face;
And this kind Angel will prefer
Thee to an Angel's place.

(7.)

The Grave is but a Fining pot
Unto believing Eyes;

For there the Fleſh ſhall loſe its droſs,
And like the Sun ſhall riſe.
The World, which I have known too well
Hath mock'd me with its Lies;
How gladly could I leave behind
Its vexing Vanities?

(8.)

My deareſt Friends, they dwell above,
Them will I go to ſee;
And all my Friends in Chriſt below
Will ſoon come after me.
Fear not the Trumps Earth rending Sound,
Dread not the Day of Doom;
For he that is to be thy Judge,
Thy Saviour is become.

(3.)

Bleſt be my God that gives me Light,
Who in the dark did grope;
Bleſt be my God, the God of Love,
Who cauſeth me to hope.
Here's the Word's Signet, Comfort's Staff,
And here is Grace's Chain;
By theſe thy Pledges, Lord, I know
My Hopes are not in vain.

XXXI. *A Song of Praiſe collected out of the Book of Pſalms.*

(1.)

PSAL. 135. 1. O Praiſe the Lord, Praiſe Him, praiſe Him, praiſe Him with one accord;

Praiſe

Praiſe him, praiſe him, all ye that be
The Servants of the Lord.
47. 6. Sing Praiſes to our God, ſing Praiſe,
Sing Praiſes to our King;
Praiſe to the King of all the Earth
With Underſtanding ſing.

(2.)

103. 1. My Soul give Laud unto the Lord.
My Spirit ſhall do the ſame,
And all the Secrets of my Heart,
Praiſe ye his Holy Name.
95. 6. Come let us bow and praiſe the Lord,
Before him let us fall,
And kneel to him with one accord,
For he hath made us all,

(3.)

7. He is the Lord, he is our God,
For us he doth provide;
We are his Flock, he doth us feed;
His Sheep, he doth us guide.
118. 21. I will give Thanks unto the Lord,
Becauſe he hath heard me,
And is become moſt lovingly
A Saviour unto me.

(4)

13. The Lord is my Defence and Strength,
My Joy, my Mirth, my Song;
He is become for me indeed
A Saviour moſt ſtrong.

28. Thou

28. Thou art my God, I will Confeſs
And render Thanks to Thee;
Thou art my God, and I will praiſe
Thy Mercy towards me.

(5.)

29. O give ye Thanks unto the Lord!
For gracious is he,
Becauſe his Mercy doth endure
For ever towards me.

XXXII. *Another.*

(1.)

PSAL. TO render Thanks unto the Lord
26. 6. How great a cauſe have I!
My Voice, my Prayer, and my Complaint,
That heard ſo willingly? (ſtay'd,
59. 17. Thou art my Strength, thou haſt me
O Lord, I ſing to Thee;
Thou art my Fort, my Fence and Aid,
A Loving God to me.

(2.)

73. 25. What thing is there that I can wiſh
But Thee in Heaven above?
And in the Earth there is nothing.
Like Thee that I can love.
36. 9. For why? Thy Well of Life ſo pure
Doth ever flow from Thee;
And in thy Light we are full ſure
The laſting Light to ſee.

(3.)

(3.)

27. 15. My Heart would faint but that in me
This Hope is fixed faſt;
The Lord God's good Grace ſhall I ſee
In Life that ay ſhall laſt,
48. 13. For this God is our God, our God,
For evermore is he;
This God of ours, even unto Death
Our faithful Guide will be,

(4.)

17. 17. When I awake I ſhall behold
In Righteouſneſs thy Face;
And I ſhall be moſt like to Thee,
Even filled with thy Grace.
16. 11. Full Joys are in thy Preſence, Lord,
(A ſweet and precious Store)
My God, at thy Right Hand there are
Pleaſures for evermore.

(5.)

103. 21. Ye Angels which are great in Power
Praiſe ye and bleſs the Lord,
Which to obey and do his Will
Immediately accord.
22. Ye all his Works in every place,
Praiſe ye his Holy Name;
My Heart, my Mind, and all my Soul,
For ever praiſe the ſame.

XXXIII. *A Song of Praiſe Collected from the Doxologies in the Revelation of St.* John.

(1.)

Rev. TO Him that lov'd us from Himſelf,
1. 5. And dy'd to do us good,
And waſh'd us from our Scarlet Sins
In his own pureſt Blood.
6. And made us Kings and Prieſts to God,
His Father infinite,
To him Eternal Glory be,
And everlaſting Might.

(2.)

5. 12. The Lamb is worthy that was ſlain
To have all Power and Wealth;
All Honour, Glory, Wiſdom, Strength,
Thanks for his ſaving Health.
13. Thanks Honour, Glory, Power to him
That on the Throne doth ſit,
And to the Lamb for ever, and,
For ever, ſo be it.

(3.)

7. 9. Thouſands of Thouſands of the Saints
Which ſtand before their King,
With ſhining Robes, and ſpreading Palms,
Loud *Hallelujahs* ſing.
10. Aſcribe Salvation to our God
Who ſits upon the Throne.

And

And to the Lamb, the glorious Lamb,
Aſcribe Salvation.

(4.)

11. 12. *Amen*, *Amen*, the Angels cry,
Salvation is his due ;
And he through all Eternity
His Praiſes will renew.
Thanks, Glory, Bleſſing, Wiſdom, Might,
Honour and Power, then
Be to our God for evermore,
For evermore. *Amen.*

The

The Songs of Songs which is Solomon's *firſt Turned, then Paraphraſed in* Engliſh *Verſe.*

The VERSION.

CHAP. I.

V. 1. *The Song which doth all Songs excel,*
Written by Solomon,
The Wiſeſt King of Iſrael,
And Bleſſed David's *Son.*

[Dialogue.]
The Church to Chriſt.

2. COme near, come nearer yet, and move
Thy ſweeteſt Lips to mine;
For why? Thy Love (who art all Love)
Exceeds the Richeſt Wine.

3. Like to an Ointment poured out
Is thy ſweet Name and Favour;
Glad Virgins compaſs Thee about
For thy good Ointments ſavour.

4. O draw me with thy Cords of Love!
We will run after Thee;
The King into his Rooms above
Hath now Conducted me,

Thy

Thy Beams will make our Faces ſhine,
In Thee we will rejoice;
Thy Love is more to us than Wine,
Thou art the Upright's Choice.
5. Ye Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
Tho' I am Black, yet Fair;
Like *Kedar*'s Tents, like Ornaments
Which *Solomon*'s Bed doth wear.
6. Look not with a diſdainful Eye
Upon my Sun-burnt Face;
My Mothers Children rag'd at me,
And wrought me much diſgrace;
Such was their Envy, ſuch their Grudge,
Their Vines muſt be inſpected;
Whilſt at their Vines I was their Drudge,
Mine own were quite neglected.
7. But, O Thou whom my Soul doth Love!
Tell me now from thy Breaſt,
Where feeds thy Flock? Where doth it move?
Where is its Noon-Tide Reſt?
Why ſhould I ſtray, and loſe my way,
Till I at laſt do fall
Among thy Fellows Flocks, as they
Themſelves do proudly call?

Chriſt.

8. *O Faireſt Fair! Then go and trace*
The Footſteps of my Sheep,
And feed the Kids beſide the Place
Where my good Shepherds keep.

9. *My*

9. *My Love, I have compared Thee*
To thoſe Egyptian *Mares,*
Which in King Pharaoh's *Chariots flee,*
O Faireſt of all Fairs!
10. *Thy Cheeks are comely to behold,*
Which Rows of Jewels deck;
Large Chains of pure and ſhining Gold,
Adorn thy Royal Neck.
11. *I and my Father we will make*
Borders of Gold for Thee,
With Silver Studs for thy dear ſake,
That thou may'ſt Richer be.

The Church.

12. The King doth at his Table ſit,
And I that love him well
Do pour my Spikenard on his Feet,
Which gives a fragrant ſmell.
13. My Well-beloved is to me
A Pomander of Myrrh;
Betwixt my Breaſt all Night ſhall he
Be lodg'd and never ſtir.
14. My Well-beloved is to me
Like *Aromatick* Wines;
Like Cluſters of the *Camphire Tree*
Among *Engeddi Vines.*

Chriſt.

15. *Lo, thou art Fair my only Love;*
My Love, lo, thou art Fair;

Thou

Thou art my Love, thou art my Dove,
Doves Eyes in thee appear.

The Church.

16. Nay, my Beloved, thou art Fair,
My fairneſs is from Thee;
And thou art ſweet beyond compare:
What a Green Bed have we!
17. The Beams are Cedars where we dwell,
So ſtrong they will not ſtir;
The Rafters ſend a pleaſant ſmell,
For they are made of Fir.

The Paraphraſe.

CHAP. I.

1. *Now will I ſing of Chriſt the King,*
And of his Church the Queen;
This Song of Songs to them belongs,
Where their pure Flames are ſeen.

[Dialogue.]

The Church to Chriſt.

2. LET my dear Saviour's Love appear
By ſome aſſuring ſign;
Thou, Lord, my fainting Soul doſt cheer
When thou ſay'ſt, I am thine.
Let others on their Dainties feed,
And drink the richeſt Wine,
My Feaſt doth all their Feaſts exceed
When thou ſay'ſt, I am thine.

3. Thy Word which ſounds thy mighty Fame,
And how good thou haſt been,
Doth ſo revive, that for the ſame
Souls love Thee, tho' unſeen;
Souls of an Heav'nly Make and Frame,
The Joyful Heirs of Grace,
Do taſte ſuch Sweetneſs in thy Name,
They long to ſee thy Face.

4. Fain would I, but I cannot move,
Sin hath Enfeebled me;
O draw me with the Cords of Love!
I will run after Thee:
Thou hear'ſt, thou draw'ſt, I come, I come,
Thy Love (my God) is ſweet;
Thy Preſence-Chamber is the Room
Where Soul and Joys do meet.
Our Earthly Pleaſures we forget,
To think upon thy Love;
All upright Souls their Minds do ſet
On thee, my Lord, above.

5. Tho' I to Strangers black do ſeem,
And under Foot am trod,
Yet am I Fair in Heav'ns eſteem,
I am the Houſe of God.

6 O do not ſcorn my outward State!
Ye know not what's within;
Whom God doth love, how dare you hate?
My Saviour hides my Sin;
Profeſt Church Members ſhould have brought
Some Comfort to my Mind;

But did they Treat me as they ought,
Alas! They prov'd unkind;
Their Anger did my Words controul,
They Bow'd me to their Will:
And ſo my own immortal Soul
Declin'd and Fared ill.

7. Pity my tempted State, O Lord!
Whom ſtill I do adore;
O bring me home! By thy good Word,
My Lapſed Soul Reſtore:
Since, Lord, thy Mercies ſtill abides,
Shall I be loſt among
Falſe Flocks, falſe Doctrines, and falſe Guides,
Which do thine Honour wrong?

Chriſt.

8. *My Church to me, the World is Droſs,*
And thou a Pearl of Price;
And art thou Stray'd, and at a Loſs?
Attend to my Advice:
Look back upon my Church of old;
And mark which way they went;
And let thy Childrens Eyes behold
The Paſtors I have ſent.

9. *As* Pharaoh's *Horſes (* Egypt's *Pride)*
Is deem'd the Choiceſt Breed;
So thou, my Church, my Faireſt Bride,
All Fair ones doſt exceed.

10. *Mans eyes the outward State behold,*
Mine Eyes are on thy Heart.

Whilſt others ſhine with Pearl and Gold,
Through Grace thou lovely art.
11. *My Soul that loves thee is ſo glad*
Thy Stock of Grace to ſee,
I and my Father, we will add
A new ſupply to Thee.

The Church.

12. My King doth Sit in Heav'n above,
Where Angels do attend;
And from below my Faith and Love
Shall to my King aſcend.
13. My Faith aſcends unto my Lord,
And brings him down to me;
My love a Boſom doth afford,
Where he ſhall lodged be.
O the ſweet time, as if I was
Reigning in Heaven above,
When once my Soul doth Chriſt embrace
In Arms of Faith and Love!
14. It is ſo ſweet, when we do meet
My Joys in Chriſt exceed
The ſweeteſt Smells, and Taſtes, and Sights,
Which can our Senſes feed.

Chriſt.

15. *My deareſt Church, I do admire*
The Beauties of thy Mind,
So Meek, ſo Harmleſs, ſo Entire,
So Faithful and ſo Kind.

The Church.

16. My deareſt Lord, thou art the Sun,
By whoſe bright Beams I ſhine;
And then my Glory firſt begun
When thou becameſt mine:
Since thou art mine, and I am thine,
A Num'rous Race do flow
In every place, which to thy Grace
Their Birth and Being owe.

17. The dear Aſſemblies of thy Saints,
Where thou my Lord doſt dwell,
Are ſweet and pure, and ſhall endure
Againſt the Gates of Hell.

The VERSION.

CHAP. II. *Chriſt.*

1. *I Am the Roſe of* Sharon-Field.
I am the Lilly White,
The Lilly which the Vallies yield,
I am both ſweet and bright.

2. *What are Thorns, in th' Account of Men,*
Unto the Lilly bright?
What are the Faireſt Daughters when
My Love appears in ſight?

The Church.

3. What are the common Trees o'th Wood
Unto the Apple Tree?
What is the Rich and Nobleſt Blood,
My lovely Lord, to Thee?

I ſat Rejoicing in Times paſt
Under his cooling Shade ;
His Fruit was Sweet unto my Taſte,
O what a Feaſt I made!

4. Unto his Cellars ſtor'd with Wines
He caus'd me to remove,
Over my Head abroad he ſpread
The Banner of his Love.

5. Give Flaggons for a Cordial,
Bring Apples me to chear ;
For I am ſick, I faint, I fall,
I languiſh for my Dear.

6. His Left Hand underneath my Head
For my Support is plac'd ;
His Right Hand over me is ſpread
And thus I am Embrac'd.

7. O *Salem*'s Daughters, you I charge,
Both by the Roe and Hind ;
Ye do not move nor ſtir my Love,
Until it be his Mind.

8. My Welbeloved's voice of Joy
My Heart with Comfort fills ;
He comes Leaping on Mountains high,
And Skipping on the Hills.

9. My Welbeloved comes in Haſte,
Like a ſweet footed Roe ;
Nay, my Beloved flees ſo faſt,
Young Hart did never ſo.

Behind our Wall, lo! He doth ſtand,
He's at our Windows ſeen;
He ſhews himſelf ſo near at Hand,
There's but a Grate between.

10. I gladly heard his gracious Tone,
Who thus to me did ſay,
Riſe up, my Love, my Faireſt One,
Make haſte, and come away.

11. The Seaſon of the Year invites,
The Winter's gone and paſt;
Behold a Spring of new Delights!
No Rain, nor ſtormy Blaſt.

12. The Flowers upon the Earth appear,
The Birds begin to ſing;
The People of our Land do hear
The Turtles murmuring.

13. Green Figs upon their Trees are grown,
Young Grapes their Smells diſplay;
Riſe up, my Love, my Faireſt One,
Make haſte, and come away.

14. O my Fair Dove, whoſe Fairneſs dwells
In dark Obſcurity,
In cloven Rocks, and ſecret Cells,
Come, ſhew thy ſelf to me:

O let thy Face to me appear,
Let thy Voice anſwer mine,
Thy Voice is Muſick in mine Ear,
Thy Countenance doth ſhine.

15. Catch us the Foxes in a Toyl,
The little Foxes catch,
For they our Fruitful Vines do ſpoil,
Their tender Grapes they ſnatch.

16. My Well-beloved he is mine,
And I am his indeed;
In Paſtures, which with Lillies ſhine,
He makes his Flock to feed.

17. Till the Day break, and Shades depart,
Beloved, haſte to me;
Even as the Roe and tender Hart
On *Bether*-Mountains flee.

The Paraphraſe.

CHAP. II. *Chriſt.*

1. *SUch is the Power of my ſweet Love,*
My Church it ſweetneth;
It ſweetens Earth and Heav'n above,
It ſweetens Life and Death.
Such is the Beauty of my Face,
'Tis with ſuch Glories crown'd,
That Solomon's *Glory muſt give place*
To what ſhines me around.
As Lillies in the Vallies grow,
So I the Vallies own;
The Humble are my Heav'n below,
The Lowly are my Throne.

2. *No*

2. *No comely Perſons can I ſee*
But whom my Grace adorns;
My Church a Lilly is to me,
And all the Reſt are Thorns.

The Church.

3. None but a Jeſus, none but he!
He is the Chiefeſt Good;
My Jeſus is an Apple-Tree,
And others Barren Wood.
He is a Shadow from the Heat,
Of Conſcience, Wrath and Hell;
He is true *Manna*, Heav'nly Meat,
Which feeds his *Iſrael*.
The Shadow of his Sacraments
Hath been exceeding good;
Under that Shade a Feaſt I made
Upon this Fleſh and Blood.
4. My Chriſt is like a Cellar ſtor'd
With ſweet and precious Wine.
What Sweetneſs found I in my Lord
When he ſaid, I am thine!
As Souldiers to their Colours ſtand,
And after them do move;
So doth my deareſt Lord command,
And draw me by his Love.
5. Nothing but Glory can ſuffice
The Appetite of Grace;
I long for Chriſt with reſtleſs Eyes,
I languiſh for his Face.

O take me up, or let me Sup
On Promiſes Divine;
Thoſe Apples from the Tree of Life,
Thoſe Flaggons full of Wine.
6. How am I Born, whilſt ſick of Love,
In thoſe bleſt Hands of his?
His Left my Souls Support doth prove,
His Right my Comfort is.
7. And whilſt his Love doth me enflame,
Hear what a Charge I give:
All ye that own his Sacred Name,
Do not his Spirit grieve:
He is all Love, he is my Love,
O do not him abuſe.
Do not again put him to Pain,
Dear Chriſtians turn not *Jews*:
Lord, leave us not; yet if thou wilt,
With Tears we'll own thy Right;
But a Departure forc'd by Guilt,
Makes a Tempeſtuous Night.
8. My deareſt Saviour's Voice I hear,
He comes on my Account;
Nothing can ſtop his full Career,
No, not Corruptions Mount.
9. My Lord makes haſte from Heav'n to Earth,
And he himſelf preſents,
To Men of a polluted Birth,
By Word and Sacraments:
Tho', like a Wall, our frail Eſtate
Prevents a perfect Sight,

Yet thro' his Ordinances Grate,
Dart in ſome Beams of Light.

10. My Lord to me did thus begin,
Ariſe, my Love, and flee
From World, Fleſh, Satan, Self and Sin,
O come away to me!

11. Time was when thou waſt cold and dead,
An Heir of Wrath thou waſt,
And Vengeance-Storms hung o'er thy Head,
But thoſe ſad Days are paſt.

12. The Flowers of Grace begin to ſpring
In Thee ſo hopefully,
That all the Heav'nly Quire doth ſing,
Glory to God on High.

13. My Church, thou art my tender Plant,
My Dews have nouriſh'd Thee;
Now thou art mine, now thou muſt grant
Thy Fruit, thy Self to me.

14. My heartleſs Dove, why doſt thou faint
And hide thy ſelf from me?
Thou know'ſt not how I love a Saint,
How welcome thou ſhould'ſt be:
Come, come, before thy Lord appear,
Thy Perſon joys my ſight.
Let me thy Prayers and Praiſes hear,
Thy voice is my Delight.

15. Ye Men of God, whoſe Charge it is
In God's Courts to attend;

Reſtrain

Reſtrain thoſe Enemies of his
Which do his Church offend.
16. Mine, through my Faith, is my dear Lord,
His, through his Love, am I;
He feeds his People with his Word,
Which taſtes moſt pleaſantly.
17. He feeds them with his Word of Grace,
Till Glories Day appears;
Which all the Shades away ſhall chaſe
Of Sins, and Griefs, and Fears.
Come Love, come Lord, come that long Day,
My earneſt Expectation;
Shovel theſe Days out of the Way,
Theſe Hills of Separation.

The VERSION

CHAP. III. *The Church.*

1. HIM whom my Soul doth love I ſought
By Night upon my Bed;
I ſought him, but I found him not,
My Soul's Delight was fled.
2. And ſlug I here? I'll now ariſe
And go about the Town;
I'll ſearch the Streets and Broader Ways
Until I find my own.
Up did I get, and out I went,
My Deareſt to regain;
But when I had my Labour ſpent,
Alas! It was in vain.

3. The

3. The City watch did light on me,
Of whom I did enquire
In any Street, pray did ye ſee
The Man whom I admire?
4. 'Twas but a little while that I
Had from the Watch-men paſs'd,
But I did find my only Joy,
And then I held him faſt;
I held, and would not let him go
Till I had brought him home
Into my Mother's Houſe, and ſo
Into my Native Room.
5. O *Salem*'s Daughters, you I charge
Both by the Roe and Hind,
Ye do not move nor 'wake my Love
Until it be his Mind.

The Daughters of Jeruſalem.

6. *What ſmoaky Pillars ſtrait from hence*
Out of that Deſart riſes,
Perfum'd with Myrrh and Frankinſence,
And all the Merchants Spices?

The Church.

7. Such Ornaments his Bed do grace
As *Solomon's* Bed commend,
Where Threeſcore Men of *Iſrael*'s Race
His valiant Guards attend.
8. They all hold Swords couragiouſly,
They all know how to Fight;

Each

Each hath his Sword upon his Thigh,
Becauſe of Fear i'th, Night.
The Chariot of King *Solomon*,
Which for himſelf had made,
Was of the Wood of *Lebanon*,
Which Silver Pillars had.
10. Gold was the bottom and above
Rich Purple cover'd it;
The midſt whereof was pav'd with Love,
For *Salem*'s Daughter Fit.
11. Look, Virgins, on King *Solomon*,
His Crown ſo Rich, ſo Gay,
Wherewith his Mother Crown'd him on
His Joyful Marriage-day.

The Paraphraſe.

CHAP. III. *The Church.*

1. ONce did I ſeek my deareſt Lord,
But with a ſleepy Mind;
His preſence he did not afford;
Slack Seekers cannot find.
2. Shall I, ſaid I, forego my Chriſt,
And ſo cloſe up mine Eyes?
No, no, he was ſo dearly miſt,
I could not but ariſe.
My Bed was Thorns, no Bed for me,
Nothing could give me reſt,
Till I my deareſt Lord might ſee,
And lean upon his Breaſt:

When private Means could not prevail,
In publick him I ſought;
I waited till my Eyes did fail,
Alas! I found him not.
3. God's holy Watchmen did me find,
Of whom I did enquire,
Pray, can ye help my troubled Mind,
Which doth a Chriſt deſire?
O happy Stars, if ye might be
My Guides to Jeſus now!
Seers, did ye my Saviour ſee?
Pray tell me where and how?
Means muſt be us'd, but cannot heal
Without a Sov'reign Word;
Chriſt only can himſelf reveal,
And ſtill I lack'd my Lord.
4. One dark Hour more I did ſuſtain,
And then the Night was paſt;
Tho' I had ſought ſo long in vain,
I found my Lord, at laſt;
I found my Lord, and held him faſt,
And would not let him part;
My New found Jeſus I embrac'd,
And lodg'd him in my Heart:
I would not loſe my Chriſt again,
And gain a Second Hell;
My Prayers and Tears did him conſtrain
Within my Soul to dwell:
As Clouds are pierc'd with powerful Light,
His Beams thro' me did ſhine;

His

His dear Aſſemblies ſaw this Sight,
And joy'd that Chriſt was mine.
5. Chriſt's Love my Heart doth ſo inflame,
This Charge I needs muſt give,
All ye that own his Sacred Name
Do not his Spirit grieve.
He is all Love, he is my Love,
O do not him abuſe!
Do not again put him to Pain,
Dear Chriſtians turn not *Jews*.
Lord, leave us not; yet if thou wilt,
With Tears we'll own thy Right;
But a Departure forc'd by Guilt
Makes a Tempeſtuous Night.

Weak Believers.

6. *What Heav'nly Souls from Earth ariſe,*
And do at Heav'n aſpire!
They mount, they ſoar, they fix their Eyes
On God their chief Deſire.
Earth's Wilderneſs they nobly ſcorn,
Whilſt others rake for it;
Heav'n's Graces them do ſo Adorn,
That they for Heav'n are fit.

The Church.

7: Admire not me, but my dear Lord
Whoſe Boſom gives me reſt;
Whoſe Angels watch with one accord,
That none ſhould me moleſt.

8. Theſe

8. Theſe Heav'nly Guards are full of Might,
And ready do they ſtand,
For to defend his Churches Right,
When he ſhall them command:
When Darkneſs breeds tormenting Fear,
Then Help comes from on High;
A ſtrength'ning Angel doth appear
A midſt that Agony.
9. Heav'n is the high and glorious Throne
Of my moſt glorious Lord;
Who yet on Earth rides up and down
I'th' Chariot of his Word.
10 His Word is Rich, and Strong, and Pure,
As all his Saints do prove;
Who of its true Intent are ſure,
And find, its Heart is Love.
11. Go ye that own the higheſt Name,
Behold a glorious Shew,
How the Almighty ſpreads his Fame,
And what his Word can do!
This mighty King rides Conquering,
His Word goes forth with Might,
Which wooes and wins the Slaves of Sin,
Both by its Force and Light:
Thoſe Slaves their Helliſh Lords forſake,
And Chriſt do humbly own;
And as his Spouſe he them doth take,
And wears them as his Crown.
Great was their Need, greater his Love,
Than their Neceſſity.

As well they may, glad do they prove,
But not ſo glad as he.

The VERSION.

CHAP. IV. *Chriſt.*

1. *LO, thou art Fair, my only Love,*
My Love, lo! Thou art Fair;
Thine Eyes are like thoſe of the Dove,
Within thy Locks of Hair.
Thy Hairy Locks are like Goats Flocks,
Which from Mount Gilead *look;*
2. *So are thy Teeth like well-ſhorn Sheep,*
Come from the Waſhing Brook.
They pregnant are as well as Fair,
For Fruits as well as View;
For each of them her Twins doth bear,
There's not one barren Ewe.
3. *Thy Lips are like a Scarlet-thread,*
Thy Speech is ſweet and fine;
Within thy Locks thy Temples Red
Like broke Pomegranates ſhine.
4. *Thy Neck is like to* David's *Tower,*
Strong built, and raiſed high;
A Thouſand Shields for Men of Power
Hang in that Armoury.
5. *Thy Two Breaſts are like Two Young Roes*
Well ſhap'd, and well agreed;
For they are loving Twins, and thoſe
Among the Lillies feed.

6. *Until*

6. *Until the Day have chas'd away*
The Dusky Shades, I will
Betake me to the Mount of Myrrh;
And to the Incenſe-Hill.
7. *All over Fair, my Love, thou art,*
And ſo thou ſeem'ſt to me;
There is not one uncomely Part,
Not one dark Spot, in thee.
8. *Come Love, with me from* Lebanon,
From Lebanon *with me,*
Since thou and I are join'd in One
Thy Lebanon *I'll be.*
From Shenir's *Top, from* Hermon *look,*
And from Amana *high,*
Thoſe Lions Dens *muſt be forſook,*
And where the Leopards *lye.*
9. *My Spouſe, my Siſter, thou haſt gain'd*
A perfect Victory
Over my Heart by thy bright Chain,
And by thy brighter Eye.
10. *How Fair and Pleaſant is thy Love.*
My deareſt Spouſe to me!
O how I prize it far above
The richeſt Wines that be!
O how my Siſter's Ointments ſmell!
What Sweetneſs do they yield!
This pleaſant Scent doth far excel
The ſweet Arabian *Field.*
11. *Thy Lips drop like the Honey-comb,*
There Milk with Honey flow;

I ſmell the Smells of Lebanon *from*
The Garments of my Spouſe.
12. *My Siſter and my Spouſe is veil'd,*
That ſhe may be ſuppos'd,
A Spring ſhut up, a Fountain ſeal'd,
A Garden well inclos'd.
13. *Thou haſt a pleaſant Nurſery,*
Where ſweet Pomegranates grow,
And Fruits which pleaſe both Taſte and Eye,
There too the Spices flow.
14. *As Camphire, Spikenard,* | *Calamus,*
Saffron and Cinamon,
Myrrh, Aloes and Incenſe Trees,
With each Spice *of Renown.*
15. *A Garden fountain is my Love,*
A Living Well is ſhe,
Like Lebanon's *Streams which ſwiftly move,*
And down to Jordan *flee.*

The Church.

16. Am I a Garden, Then, O North,
Awake, and on it breathe!
Thy quick'ning Breath will ſummon forth
The Odours from Beneath.
Am I a Garden? Then O South,
Come, on this Garden blow!
One Sovereign Blaſt out of thy Mouth
Will make its Spices flow.
Then, then, into his Paradiſe,
Let my Beloved come,

And

And eat his Fruits, and get his Spice,
And count himſelf at home.

The Paraphraſe.

CHAP. IV. *Chriſt.*

1. MY *deareſt Church, I do admire*
The Beauties of thy Mind,
So Meek, ſo Harmleſs, ſo Entire,
So Loyal and ſo Kind.
Ev'n thy Profeſſion I eſteem,
Becauſe it ſprings from Grace,
Which makes thee yet more comely ſeem,
As Hair adorns the Face.
2. *Thy Paſtors, which prepare thy Food,*
Do in their Minds agree:
Their Lives and Doctrines both are Good,
And bring much Fruit to me.
3. *Thy Speech ſo ſeaſon'd is with Grace*
That many Hearts it moves;
And Graces colour in thy Face
Its great Advantage proves.
4. *Thy Faith which joins thee to thy Head,*
Doth ſhield thine inward Parts;
This Shield hath oft extinguiſhed
The Devil's fiery Darts.
5. *The Two Breaſts of thy Teſtaments,*
Moſt friendly do accord;
Which Nouriſhment and ſweet Content
To new-born Babes afford.

The Cries of a diſtreſſed Soul,
These Breaſts of Comfort ſtill,
These Breaſts make glad whom Sin makes ſad,
These Breasts the Hungry fill.
6. The Word is here the Churches Fare,
And Faith the Churches Light,
Till Shades give way to Glories Day,
Then ſhall ſhe live by Sight:
Mean while my gracious Preſence ſhall
Her dear Aſſemblies fill;
Her Prayers ſhall be moſt Sweet to me,
Sweet as the Incenſe-Hill.
Mean while my glorious Preſence ſhall
Fill Heav'n, that holy Ground,
Where Cherubims and Seraphims
Their Hallelujahs ſound.
7. My deareſt Church, how clear art thou,
On whom no Sin remains!
My Blood apply'd hath purify'd
Thee from thy Guilts and Stains.
Thou art to me as white as Snow;
And tho' thou ſinneſt ſtill,
Grace keeps thee in, thou can'ſt not ſin,
With full Conſent of Will.
Let my Fair Glories thee entice
To come along with me;
Forſake thine earthly Paradiſe,
Thy Paradiſe I'll be.
Birth, Pleaſures, Riches, Friends and Fame,
Are all ſumm'd up in me;

O that thou knew'ſt how good I am!
Come now and taſte and ſee.
This World's an howling Wilderneſs,
Fill'd with the Beaſts of Prey;
Whilſt that they rage, roar, and oppreſs,
On Canaan *fix thine Eye.*

9. *My Heaven-born Spouſe, whom I embrace,*
My Joy and Crown thou art;
Thine Eye of Faith, thy Chain of Grace,
Have overcome my Heart.

10. *My Deareſt Spouſe of Heav'nly Birth,*
Thy Love is more to me
Than all the Pleaſures of the Earth
And Sweet thy Graces be.

11. *Thy Speeches in thy Heart are bred,*
And ſweetly do they flow;
Thy Works do ſuch a Savour ſpread,
As Lebanon's *Spices do.*

12. *Diſguiſed to the World thou go'ſt,*
Heaven in a Myſtery;
To me thou runn'ſt, to me thou flow'ſt,
None knows thy Worth but I.
As thou art mine, ſo I am thine,
My Love doth guard thy Heart;
Thy Heart's with me, my Love's with thee,
My Church, how ſafe thou art!
13, 14. *My Church thou art a Paradiſe,*
Where Fruits and Spices grow,

Fair are thy Fruits, and from thy Spice
The ſweeteſt Odours flow.
Thy tender Plants thy Children are,
Their Graces Fruits and Spice;
I am the Tree of Life in thee,
My Church, my Paradiſe.
15. *Thou art a Spring, which to thy Plants*
Doſt thy pure Streams derive;
Under thine Eye and Miniſtry
Thy bleſt Aſſemblies thrive.

The Church.

16. My Lord, if I a Garden am,
Then let thy Spirit blow,
And with its Gales refreſh the ſame,
And make my Graces flow.
And when thy Spirit thus hath blown,
And I do flouriſh moſt,
Then let my deareſt Lord come down,
And feed upon his Coſt.
So poor I am, ſo great thou art,
Thee, Lord, how can I feaſt?
Furniſh the Table of my Heart,
Then come and be my Gueſt.

The VERSION.

CHAP. V. *Chriſt.*

1. *I'M come into a Paradiſe,*
My Siſter and my Spouſe;
I've gather'd of my Myrrh and Spice
Which in my Garden grows.

My

My Honey-comb and Honey too
Have been my ſweet Repaſt;
My Wine, my Milk, which here do flow,
Have cheer'd my Heart and Taſte.
My Friends and dear Companions,
Come feaſt your ſelves with me;
Drink, O my Well beloved Ones,
Yea, Drink abundantly.

The Church.

2. I ſleep, but yet my Heart doth wake;
Heark, my Beloved One
Doth Knock and Call. I can't miſtake
His Knock, his Tread, his Tone:
Open to me, my Father's Child,
Open to me, my Love,
Open to me, my Undefil'd,
Open to me, my Dove;
Open to me, that wait for thee;
My Head is fill'd with Dew,
And all my Locks with Ev'ning Drops;
Let's have an Enterview.
3. My Coat is off, and how ſhall I
Put on my Coat again?
Should I come o'er the duſty Floor,
My waſhed Feet to ſtain?
4. My Deareſt then by the Key-hole
His willing Hand did move,
Which when I did perceive, my Soul
Was touch'd with Grief and Love.

Rouz'd

5. Rouz'd by this Paſſion I did ſtir,
And anſwer'd to his Call;
My Hands and Fingers dropp'd with Myrrh
Which from the Lock did fall.
6. Then did I open to my Dear,
But he (alas!) Was gone;
He whom I did ſo lately hear,
Methoughts I was undone!
I ſought him whom my Soul ador'd,
But him I could not have,
I call'd and cry'd, my Love, my Lord!
But he no anſwer gave.
7. Then did the cruel City-watch
Smite me, and wound me ſore;
The Keepers of the Wall did ſnatch
Away the Veil I wore.
8. O Daughters of *Jeruſalem*!
I charge you if ye find
My glorious Dear, that he may hear
My Love afflicts my Mind.

The Daughters of Jeruſalem.

9. *What Jewel is this Dear of thine,*
O Faireſt let us know?
Wherein does thine Others out ſhine,
That thou doſt charge us ſo?

The Church.

10. My dear Deſight is Red and White,
The Lilly and the Roſe;

So

So ſweet a Grace adorns his Face,
Ten Thouſand he out-goes.

11. His Head is like the fineſt Gold,
And curled Locks doth wear,
Which do the Ravens Colour hold,
So comely is his Hair.

12. His Eyes are like the Eyes of Doves
Which on the Banks are met,
And do the Streams of Water love,
Milk waſht and fitly ſet.

13. His Cheeks are like a ſpicey Bed,
Where all Perfumes do meet;
His Lips like Lillies, whence is ſhed
The Myrrh that ſmells ſo Sweet.

14. His Hands are like the *Chryſolite*
In Rings of Gold diſplay'd,
His Belly is like ivory Bright,
With *Sapphires* overlaid.

15. His Legs like Marble Pillars are
On Golden Sockets ſet,
His Face like *Lebanon*, is moſt Fair,
Like *Cedars* moſt compleat.
His Mouth is moſt exceeding Sweet,
Yea, he is wholly ſo;
Down from his Head unto his Feet
With Sweetneſs he doth flow.
O *Salem*'s Daughters, this is he
Of whom ye did enquire;

This is the Friend that loveth me,
This is my Heart's Deſire.

The Paraphraſe.

CHAP. V. *Chriſt.*

1. *MY Love (my Deareſt) hath me brought*
Whither thou didſt invite;
Thy Graces which my Hand hath wrought,
Have been my Soul's Delight.
Thou art a Vine, which with thy Wine
Both God and Man doſt cheer?
Feed on the Fruits prepar'd in thee,
A conſtant Feaſt is there.

The Church.

2. Such Drowſineſs doth me poſſeſs,
I live and yet I die;
Some Life I have, no Livelineſs,
How Dark and Cold am I!
Here in the Dark and Deep I grope,
Who us'd to live above;
Where is my Faith? Where is my Hope?
Where is my wonted Love?
It is no Stranger's Voice I hear,
I know it is my Lord's;
He knocks both at my Heart and Ear,
Theſe are his loving Words;
Open to me, my Father's Child,
Open to me, my Love,
Open to me, my Undefil'd,
Open to me, my Dove.

My

My gracious Patience hath ſtood
Long waiting at thy Door;
Fain would I enter for thy Good;
Slight not thy Saviour.
3. One would have thought ſuch melting Words
Should break an Heart of Steel,
But I (Alas!) ſo ſtupid was
Their Force I did not feel:
My Anſwer was to this Effect,
Lord now I am at Eaſe;
And Lord, if I ſhould thee reſpect,
My Friends I ſhould diſpleaſe:
Thy Service, Lord, would coſt me dear,
The World would me moleſt,
Thy heavy Croſs how can I bear?
Do not Diſturb my reſt.
4. My Lord to this made no Reply,
Only on me he caſt
A ſad and a rebuking Eye,
On which this Senſe I paſs'd;
Doſt thou my Patience thus requite,
To make it longer bear?
Doſt all my Love and Sufferings ſlight?
I look'd for better Fare;
This ſtirr'd my Love, my Grief and Shame,
Which put me to much Pain,
5. That I reſolv'd whatever came,
To own my Chriſt again,
Accurſt Temptations, be ye gone,
And do not me reſtrain;

Satan

Satan Avaunt, let me alone,
I'll have my Chriſt again:
This Reſolution gave ſome eaſe
To my diſtreſſed Mind;
My Griefs did then begin to ceaſe
When I to Chriſt inclin'd:
6. But when I did my ſelf addreſs
My Saviour to embrace,
Alas! For my Unworthineſs
My Saviour hid his Face.
For he is Great as well as Good,
And will not be diſdain'd;
Then his kind Words, which I withſtood,
My Conſcience ſorely pain'd:
O then I wiſh'd a Thouſand times
That I had been ſo wiſe,
To ſhake off my Security
When Chriſt bade me ariſe.
I ſought him daily in his Word,
But him I could not have;
I call'd and cry'd, my Love, my Lord!
But he no anſwer gave.
7. Earth did oppreſs whom Heav'n forſook,
Nothing but Grief I found,
For they who to my Soul ſhould look
My Soul did pierce and wound.
Their Words and Deeds did both conſpire
To grieve my grieved Heart;
Their Scorns and Jears were Swords and Spears,
Which did increaſe my Smart.

But

But ſtill my greateſt Wound was here,
My Lord I could not find;
Had I my Lord I ſhould not care
Tho' others prov'd unkind.
8. Another Courſe I ſtraight-way took,
I did repair to thoſe
Who *Sion*-wards do often look,
And did my Caſe propoſe.
Bleſt Souls, ſaid I, who oft attend
At the Almighty's Court,
My Caſe to you I do commend,
That you may it report:
A Lord I have, or rather had,
My Well beloved One;
His Preſence us'd to make me glad,
But, Ah, my Lord is gone!
If when you pray he ſhould acquaint
You with his Love and Grace,
Tell him from me, my Heart doth faint
And languiſh for his Face.
9. Who is, ſaid they, this Lord of thine?
O Faireſt, let us know,
Wherein does thine Others out-ſhine,
That thou doſt charge us ſo;
10. My deareſt Lord is White and Red;
White thro' his Purity,
Red thro' his Blood which he did ſhed
For ſuch an one as I.
Was he not Red, but only White,
The Lilly, not the Roſe,

He

He might delight the Angels Sight,
But I am none of thoſe.
Was he not White, but only Red,
A Sufferer for his Sin,
His Blood would reſt upon his Head,
Nor could I Joy therein:
But my dear Lord is White and Red,
This Mixture pleaſeth mé;
For, for my Sins he ſuffered,
When he from Sin was free.
What a reviving Sight is this?
A righteous Saviour's Blood;
The Bath of Sin, the Spring of Bliſs,
Moſt Pure, moſt Sweet and Good.
The fond inchanted World admires
Their Idols here below;
Their creeping, grovelling, poor, Deſires
Their Childiſh Minds do ſhow.
Did but my glorious Lord appear,
O did they him but know,
What formerly their Glories were,
Would be no longer ſo.
The leſſer Lights all diſappear
When once my Sun doth ſhine;
And tho' Ten Thouſand Lords were here
None could be like to mine.
My Lord he is the King of Kings,
The Faireſt of all Fairs;
Of all your fine and boaſted Things
None with my Lord compares.

What's your thick Clay? Your Stones bring forth
Which ye your Jewels call;
My Lord, he is of real Worth,
And goes beyond them all.

11. His Godhead and his Government
Are infinitely Pure,
Moſt Glorious, and moſt Excellent,
And ever ſhall endure.

12. His is a pure and piercing Eye,
Thro' all the Earth it moves,
Which the dark Hypocrite doth ſpy,
And ſecret Good approves.

13. His Cheeks appear moſt bright and Clear
When he himſelf doth ſhow;
Methinks I in a Garden walk
Where Flowers and Spices grow.

When he doth my Affections ſtir,
And ſpeaks unto my Mind,
Methinks the Lillies drop with Myrrh,
Such Savour do I find.

So ſweet a Grace adorns his Face,
His Face like Heav'n doth ſhine;
And O what Muſick do I hear
When he ſaith, I am thine!

14. His Hands are like to Rings of Gold;
The Works of my Dear Lord,
Are Bright and Comely to behold;
His Works fulfil his Word.

The tender Bowels of his Love
How precious they be!
When I am griev'd his Bowels move,
And loudly plead for me.

The ſweet Proceedings of my Lord
Are like his Purpoſes;
Holy and Pure, and Firm and Sure,
Both Love and Stedfaſtneſs.

His Countenance Majeſtical
All Rev'rence doth command;
If he but frowns on us we fall,
But if he ſmiles we ſtand.

16. His Mouth is moſt exceeding Sweet,
All Sweetneſs like an Hive;
One Word of his like Honey is,
O how it doth revive;

As I begun ſhould I go on
My deareſt Lord to Limn,
You'd ſay, all Sweets compacted are
And ſummed up in him.

My Lord is Larger than Deſires,
Fairer than Words can ſhow;
One comely Part fond Earth admires,
My Lord is wholly ſo.

O Heav'n born Souls, this, this is he
Of whom ye did enquire;
This is the Friend that loveth me,
This is my Heart's Deſire.

The VERSION.

CHAP. VI. *The Daughters of* Jeruſalem.

1. *FAireſt of Fairs, if thus it be,*
O whither is he gone?
Tell us, that we may ſeek with thee
This thy Beloved One.

The Church.

2. Down to his Garden he is gone,
Where Beds of Spices are,
That he may feed and feaſt thereon,
And gather Lillies there.
3. I am my Well-beloved Ones,
My Well-beloved's mine,
He feeds and treads in pleaſant Meads,
Where the bright Lillies ſhine.

Chriſt.

4. *My Love, like* Tirzah, *thou art Neat,*
And like Jeruſalem,
And like an Army ſo compleat,
Men fly for Fear of them.
5. *O turn away thine Eyes from me,*
Thy bright and ſparkling Eyes,
To bear ſo great Felicity,
My Strength doth not ſuffice.
Thy hairy Locks are like Goats Flocks
Which from Mount Gilead *look;*
6. *So are thy Teeth like well-ſhorn Sheep*
Come from the Waſhing-brook.

They Pregnant are as well as Fair,
For Fruit as well as View ;
For each of them her Twins doth bear,
There's not one barren Ewe.

7. *As broke Pomegranate ſeemeth Red,*
And ſhines exceeding clear,
So do the Temples of thy Head
Within thy Locks appear.

8. *Thrice Twenty Queens together ſtand,*
And Fourſcore Concubines,
And Virgins like the num'rous Sand,
Which to the Sea adjoins.

9. *My ſpotleſs Dove ſhe is but one,*
The Darling of her Mother,
Who loves and prizes her alone,
She knows not ſuch another.

The Daughters ſaw her comely Lines,
And prais'd her lovely Face;
Yea, all the Queens and Concubines
Admir'd her beauteous Grace.

10. *What Morn looks forth? What Moon is there*
What Sun may yonder be ?
Fierce Troops with Flags diſplay'd appear,
O what a One is ſhe !

11. *To the Nut-Garden down I went*
To ſee the Fruits below,
Whether the Vines their Grapes did vent,
And the Pomegranates grow.

12. *My*

12. *My Soul gave me a ſudden Twitch,*
And made me nimbly ſlide,
Like thoſe ſwift Chariots in which
Amminadab *did ride.*
13. *Return, return;* O Shulamite,
Return, return apace
That we may look with much Delight
Upon thy glorious Face.
What in the Shulamite *I pray*
Do ye expect to ſee?
Two Armies ſet in good Array!
Even ſuch a one is ſhe.

The Paraphraſe.

CHAP. VI. *The Church.*

1. WHilſt thus my deareſt Lord I prais'd
As I could do no leſs,
They heard, they look'd, they ſtood amaz'd
At my great Happineſs.
And when I ceas'd they thus reply'd,
O Faireſt we muſt needs
Congratulate thy bleſt Eſtate,
Which ours ſo far exceeds.
O that we were in ſuch a Caſe
As we perceive thou art!
O that our Souls might find a Place
In thy Beloved's Heart!
Whither is thy Beloved gone?
Pray, let us go with thee,

To ſeek thy Well beloved One,
Whoſe Face we fain would ſee.
2. If you my deareſt Lord would ſee
Then go unto his Court
Look where his Saints aſſembled be,
Thither you muſt reſort:
For they his Pleaſure-Gardens are,
Where he delights to be,
They are his Comfort and his Care,
There you my Lord may ſee.
Some Souls he breeds, and ſome he feeds,
Others he doth remove
Hence from his lower Gardens, to
His Paradiſe above.
3. I am my Well-beloved Ones,
My Well-beloved's mine;
To me his Love a Feaſt doth prove
Beyond the richeſt Wine.

Chriſt.

4. *My deareſt Church, on whom I ſee*
A Fair and Royal Stamp,
All Sweetneſs join'd with Majeſty,
Thou art both Court and Camp.
5. *Thy Prayers are Arms, thy Praiſes Charms,*
Thy Love is like a Dart;
Thy Faith and Graces are ſo ſtrong
They overcome my Heart.
Thy fair Profeſſion I eſteem,
Becauſe it ſprings from Grace,

Which

Which makes thee yet more comely ſeem,
As Hair Adorns the Face.
6. *Thy Paſtors which prepare thy Food*
Do in their Minds agree,
Their Lives and Doctrines both are Good,
And bring much Fruit to me.
7. *Thy Countenance ſo ſhines with Grace,*
That many Hearts it moves,
And Graces Colour in thy Face
Its great Advantage proves.
8. *The World preſents its glorious Shews,*
But what are thoſe to me?
In my dear Church, my only Spouſe,
All Glories do I ſee.
9. *Earth's Pride would ſoon confounded be*
Should but my Spouſe appear
Who to her Mother and to me
Is ſo exceeding dear.
Her noble Birth and real Worth
Have gain'd her ſo much Fame,
The greateſt Princes of the Earth
Have prais'd her worthy Name.
10. *Her Sweetneſs join'd with Majeſty*
Her Preſence much endear'd;
Her Power with her Purity
Made her both lov'd and fear'd.
11. *I have been with my new born Saints,*
I have been down to ſee
What Buds were on my tender Plants,
What Hopes of Fruit for me.

12. *When my Dear Church I hid my Face*
Thou did'ſt thy ſelf bemoan,
I did but prove thy faithful Love
When thou thought'ſt I was gone.
My Bowels yearn'd when thou didſt cry,
My Love did me conſtrain,
To haſte apace and ſhew my Face
To thy griev'd Soul again.
13. *Return, return, my deareſt Church,*
Return, return to me,
The Heav'nly Quire and I deſire
Thy Bleſſed Face to ſee.
My Heav'nly Hoſt, if ye would know
My Churches State and Caſe,
She is another Hoſt below,
And of an awful Grace.

The VERSION.

CHAP. VII. *Chriſt.*

1. *O Daughters of a Prince, how Fair*
Are both thy Shooes and Feet!
Thy Joints and Thighs like Jewels are,
Wrought by a Hand Diſcreet.
2. *Thy Navel as a Cup compleat*
With Liquor doth abound;
Thy Belly's like an Heap of Wheat,
Which Lillies do ſurround.
3. *Thy Two Breaſts are like Two young Roes,*
Well ſhap'd and well agreed,

Both

Both which are loving Twins, and thoſe
Among the Lillies feed.
4. *Thy Neck like Ivory is moſt Fair,*
And like a Tower moſt Straight;
Thine Eyes like Heſhbon-Pools, *which are*
Hard by Bath-Rabbim *Gate.*
Thy Noſe is like to Lebanon's *Tower,*
The Tower which doth command
Damaſcus-*town, the chiefeſt Flower*
Of all the Syrian *Land.*
5. *Thine Head on thee like* Carmel *is,*
Thine Hair like Purple ſtain'd,
Thy Galleries ſo take his Eyes,
The King is their detain'd.
6. *How Fair art thou, how Pleaſant art*
My Love unto my Sight;
So ſweetly grac'd in every Part,
Thou art my whole Delight.
7. *Unto a Palm-tree I compare*
Thy Stature Straight and Fine;
Thy Breaſts appear both Full and Fair,
Like Cluſter of the Vine.
8. *I ſaid I will this Palm-tree climb,*
I'll ſearch her Branches well;
Thy Breaſts ſhall now like Cluſters ſhew,
Thy Noſe like Apples ſmell.
9. *Thy Palate's like the choiceſt Wine*
Which for my Friend I keep,
Which ſweetly flows, and cauſeth thoſe
To ſpeak that are aſleep.

The

The Church.

10. I am my Well-beloved's own,
And he is wholly mine;
The Stream of his Affection
Doth towards me in incline.
11. Come, my Beloved, let us go
Into the Fields abroad;
And in the Villages below
Let's take up our Abode.
12. Let's get up Early in the Morn,
And to the Vineyards go,
To ſee what Fruits the Trees adorn,
Whether the Vine doth grow:
Whether the tender Grapes appear,
And the Pomegranates thrive,
(The Hopes of the enſuing Year)
There thee my Loves I'll give.
13. Thy Mandrakes ſmell, and at our Door
All pleaſant Fruits there be,
Both New and Old, which are my Store
Laid up, my Love, for thee.

The Paraphraſe.

CHAP. VII. *Chriſt.*

1. *O Daughter of the Mighty God,*
How comely are thy Feet?
With Goſpel-preparation ſhod,
Thy Carriage how Diſcreet?

2. *Thou*

2. *Thou art both Fair and fruitful too,*
Great Numbers thou doſt breed,
Which with good Meals the Word and Seals
Thou liberally doſt feed.

3. *The Two Breaſts of thy Teſtaments*
Moſt friendly do accord.
Which Nouriſhment and ſweet Content
To new-born Babes afford.
The Cries of a diſtreſſed Soul
Theſe Breaſts of Comfort ſtill;
Theſe Breaſts make glad whom Sin makes ſad,
Theſe Breaſts the Hungry fill.

4. *Thy Faith is thy ſtrong Fort and Tower,*
Thine Underſtanding clear;
Thy judging and diſcerning Power
Informs when Danger's near.
Thy Chriſt, thy Head of Eminence,
All others doth exceed;
Thy Chriſt, thy Head of Influence,
Thy Grace doth keep and feed.

5. *When thine Aſſemblies exerciſe*
Their Graces freely given,
The King walks in thoſe Galleries
As in another Heaven.

6. *My Church, who art moſt New, moſt Fair,*
How Dear art thou and Sweet,
In whom all Sweets compacted are,
In whom all Graces meet?

Under

7. *Under thy Weight thou flouriſheſt*
As the ſtout Palm-tree doth;
My Church, the more thou art depreſt,
The greater is thy growth.
The Breaſts of thy Two Teſtaments,
Like Cluſters of the Vines,
Are full of Juice, which for thy Uſe
Yield Store of Heav'nly Wine.
8. *When I perceiv'd thy Soul to thrive*
Like to a fruitful Tree,
Then I drew near, that I might chear
And joy my ſelf in thee.
Nor did I empty-handed come,
But added to thy Store;
God's Word came then more near and home
Thy Graces ſcented more.
9. *Thy ſpeech is like the choiceſt Wine,*
So lovely and ſo Strong,
It makes the Sinner's Heart Divine,
And ſanctifies his Tongue.

The Church.

10. My deareſt Lord's Affection,
I cannot but admire;
I am my Well-beloved's own,
I am his Hearts Deſire.
11. I gladly with my Lord could talk,
And ſpend both Night and Day,
Come, Lord, let us together walk,
Let us together ſtay.

12. Come let's go ſee what Fruits and Flowers
Adorn thy Garden-place,
Under the Sun-ſhine and the Showers
Of Days and Means of Grace.
Could I but ſee thy Children Spring,
And in an happy Frame,
O how ſhould I rejoice and ſing,
And love thee for the ſame!
13. Thy Saints their Services preſent,
Which of ſweet Savour be;
Saints New and Old within my Tent
Are kept for Heav'n and thee.

The VERSION.

CHAP. VIII. *The Church.*

1. I Would to God thou wert as near
To me as is my Brother,
That fill'd the Lap and ſuck'd the Pap,
Of my moſt tender Mother.
When I without ſhould light on thee,
Then I thy Lips would kiſs;
Yea, I ſhould not deſpiſed be,
Nor diſeſteem'd for this.
2. I'd bring thee to my Mother's Tent,
Who would inſtruct me there;
Pomegranate-wine of pleaſant ſcent
Should be thy Royal Fare.
3. His Left Hand underneath my Head
Should lovingly be plac'd,

His

His Right Hand o'er me ſhould be ſpread,
Thus ſhould I be embrac'd.
4. Ye Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
'Tis you I charge and bind,
Not once to move or wake my Love
Until it be his Mind.

The Daughters of Jeruſalem.

5. *Out of the Deſart doth aſcend*
A comely Sight to ſee,
One leaning on her deareſt Friend,
O what a one is ſhe!

The Church.

Under the ſhady Apple-tree
Thee did I raiſe and rear;
Thy Mother travell'd there with thee,
Thy native Place was there.
6. O ſeal thine Image on mine Heart,
O ſeal it on mine Arm,
For Love, like Death, doth caſt its Dart,
And Jealouſie is warm:
'Tis like the Grave, whoſe keen Deſire
Nothing can ſatisfie;
The Coals thereof are Coals of Fire
That flame moſt vehemently.
7. Waters can't quench Love's Flame, nor *Floods*,
Can Love's Height overflow;
If one for Love would give his Goods,
The Price would be too low.

The

The Jewiſh Church.

8. No Breaſts on our ſmall Siſter grow,
Nor is ſhe yet admir'd;
What ſhall we for our Siſter do,
When ſhe ſhall be deſir'd?

Chriſt.

9. *We'll build on her a Silver Court,*
If ſhe a Wall ſhall be;
Or if a Door, her we'll ſupport
With Boards of Cedar Tree.

The Jewiſh Church.

10. I am a Wall both Strong and Tall,
My Breaſts like Towers are round;
(I then his Sight did much delight,
As one that Favour found.)

Chriſt.

11. *At* Baal-Hammon *King* Solomon
A Vineyard did poſſeſs;
Keeper he ſent to the Intent
They might his Vineyard dreſs:
And thus with them he did agree,
That for the Fruit it gave
A Thouſand Silver Pieces he
Of each of them ſhould have.

12. *My Vineyard which belongs to me*
I know not how to ſpare;
It ever lyes before mine Eyes,
It is my conſtant Care.

But thou, O Solomon, *muſt have*
A Thouſand for thy Gains;
And thoſe that keep its Fruit may crave
Two Hundred for their Pains.
13. *And now Farewel thou that doſt dwell*
In Gardens here below;
As thy Companions hear thy Voice
So let me hear it too.

The Church.

14. Haſte my Beloved like a Roe
Which ſoon her Courſe fulfils;
O that thou wert like a young Hart
Upon the Spicy Hills!

The Paraphraſe.

CHAP. VIII. *The Church.*

1. LORD, that thou wert as near to me
As is my Mother's Son,
Such Freedom ſhould I have with thee
As if we both were One.
I would impart my very Heart
To one that was ſo near,
Whoſe Nearneſs ſhould advance my Love
Above all ſlaviſh Fear.
2. God's Holy Church, my Mother Dear,
Should me ſuch Lectures read;
I ſhould provide ſuch Heav'nly Chear,
Whereon thou lov'ſt to feed.
3. And then ſhouldſt thou thy Love diſplay,
The Riches of thy Grace,

Thy

Thy Left Hand then my Head ſhould ſtay,
Thy Right my Heart embrace.
4. Chriſt's Love my Heart doth ſo inflame,
This Charge I needs muſt give,
All ye that own his Sacred Name
Do not his Spirit grieve.
Lord, leave us not; if yet thou wilt
With Tears we'll own thy Right;
But a Departure forc'd by Guilt
Makes a tempeſtuous Night.

Weak Chriſtians.

5. *What ſtrange aſpiring Souls are thoſe*
Which do this World diſdain,
Who on their Lord themſelves repoſe,
Heav'ns Kingdom to obtain.

The Church.

Under thine Ordinances Shade
I ſought and found thine Aid,
For there thine Entrance firſt was made,
Thy Graces firſt convey'd.
6. Lord bear my Name upon thy Breaſt,
Engrave it on thine Heart;
There let it be ſo ſure poſſeſt
It thence ſhall ne'er depart.
For Love, like Death, doth caſt a Dart
Which wounds me to the Quick;
Thy Preſence, Lord, Supports my Heart,
Thine Abſence makes it Sick.

Shouldſt thou but ſeemingly diſdain
My Heart ſo deep engag'd,
I ſhould be tortur'd with ſuch Pain
As could not be aſſwag'd.
O love me, Lord, or elſe I die!
Thee, Lord my Love doth crave!
My Lord, ſhouldſt thou my Love deny,
My Love would be my Grave.
My Love doth flame, my Jealouſie
So burns my Heart and Eyes,
I muſt embrace my Lord, or I
Muſt be Love's Sacrifice.

7. Whole Seas of Trouble cannot quench
Love's everlaſting Fire;
Though Hell oppoſe, whom I have choſe,
I cannot but admire.
None but a Chriſt, none but my Lord,
No Bribes, can take with me;
A proffer'd World would be abhorr'd;
A Chriſt, and none but he!

The Jewiſh Church.

8. Remember the blind Nations, Lord,
Who in a Dungeon grope,
And lack the Sunſhine of thy Word,
Yet Pris'ners are of Hope.
When once the Hour of thy Deſign
Hath on theſe Captives ſhone,
When they are call'd and own'd for thine,
What ſhall be further done?

Chriſt

9. *If they be conſtant to my Name,*
And firmly hold my VVord,
They ſhall be bleſt with Strength and Fame,
And honour'd by their Lord,
If they will open at my Call,
That I with them may dwell,
I'll hold them faſt, and make them laſt
Againſt the Gates of Hell.

The Jewiſh Church.

10. Lord, I am conſtant to thy Name,
And firmly hold thy Word;
(I had a Smile upon the ſame
From my moſt gracious Lord.)

Chriſt.

11. *I nor admire nor imitate*
Thoſe who their Vineyards let;
Who of their Profit do abate
That they ſome Eaſe may get.
12. *My Church and Vineyard is alway*
My Care and my Delight;
I my Self keep it every Day,
And watch it every Night.
Dreſt by my Hand, watch'd by my Eye,
Its Fruit to me abounds;
The Praiſe of its fertility
Wholly to me redounds.

13. *My deareſt Church, who art compos'd*
Of divers Companies,
Now we have both our Minds diſclos'd,
I'll end with this Advice.
As all the Members give an Ear
Unto thy gracious Strain,
So let me often from thee hear
Until we meet again.

The Church.

14. Ah my Dear Saviour! Pity me,
Preſerve me in thy Heart;
And Oh make haſte, make haſte, that we
May meet and never part.

DIVES
AND
LAZARUS.

IN *Judah's* Vale a Man of Wealth abode,
Vile as a Beaſt, yet worſhipp'd as a God,
Who *Tyrian* Cloaths, and *Egypt's* Linen ware,
And on whoſe Table met Land, Sea and Air.

Beneath

Beneath the Threſhold of his outmoſt Gate
A pale, deformed, horrid, Carcaſs Sate:
Another *Job*, but of more fixed Woes,
Who from his Dunghil never once aroſe.

* *God help me* was his Name. God was his all; Thoſe few that knew him *Lazarus* him did call. * *The Eng. of* Lazar.

Need, Pain and Scorn, at once did on him lye;
His Bed was Earth, his Covering was the Sky.
Nothing had he to pay off Nature's Scores;
Empty he was of Bread, but full of Sores.

Hunger (that Wrack) will make a Man confeſs
What modeſt Minds endeavour to ſuppreſs.
Sharp Hunger whets the Wit, and mends its Strain,
It hurts the Bowels, but it helps the Brain.
A Servant paſs'd the Gate, where, lo! He found
This ruful Object grovelling on the Ground.
Said *Lazarus*, *Sir*, *if Pity be my due*,
Give to your Maſter what I give to you.

Lazarus *his Petition.*

Moſt noble Sir, I humbly crave
What Nature doth exact from me;
I am a Border on the Grave,
Half ſlain with ſharp Neceſſity.

For Childrens Bread I do not call;
I do not ask your Servants Fare;

Only the Sweepings of your Hall
I beg, and what your Dogs may ſpare.

Doom me not, Sir, to Periſh at your Gate,
Who may preſerve me at ſo Cheap a Rate,
For Father Judah's *ſake ſome Fragments give,*
I'll ſerve You at God's Altars whilſt I live.

Dives *his Anſwer.*

WHat Dog is this that dares preſume on me?
Accurſt be all ſuch crawling Toads as he:
Peſts *of my Gate,* Vermin *that creep ſo nigh,*
——— I hate 'em; let him rot and die.

In Vain the poor Man's Thoughts purſu'd his Suit,
The Dogs were Humane, but their Lord a Brute;
They left their Snarling to their Maſters Face;
They ran, and *Lazarus* gently did embrace.
He was the pity'd Patient of thoſe Hounds, (wounds.
Whoſe lambent Tongues did cool his burning

This done, the ſqualid Vaſſals of the Times
Scorn'd ragged Vertue, honour'd purple Crimes.
Things are miſ-judged by the purblind Eye,
Which views their Poſture, not their Tendency.
Till *Juſtice* 'wakes to right it's injur'd Laws,
Which doth not weigh the Perſon, but the cauſe.

Nor Rags, nor Sores, are Clouds that can diſguiſe
A ſplendid Soul to Heavens Soul-ſearching Eyes;
Earth's *Laz'rus* was Heavens *Dives*; Earths diſdain
Was a meet Gueſt for Heaven to entertain.
Now comes the Golden Hour that ſets him free
From his Apprenticeſhip to Miſery.

His

His Corps (the Graves old Neighbour) long undreſt
At length is ſlipt into its Bed of Reſt.
A Treaſure 'tis, tho' Funeral coſt it wants;
The richeſt Mineral is the Duſt of Saints;
He was his own (moſt ſerious) Mourner here;
He mourn'd enough, he needs no hired Tear.

The time is come that *Lazarus* muſt be clad
With ſuch fine Linen *Dives* never had.
The Time is come that *Lazarus* muſt be fed
With Heavens rich Juices, and with Angels Bread.

There is a Table richly ſpread above,
There is an everlaſting Feaſt of Love;
A Feaſt which Friends and Friendſhip doth maintain,
Pale Envy is not there, nor proud Diſdain;
They all are one, in one they all agree,
One is their all, which makes all one to be.
Here's Height of Mirth with Depth of Seriouſneſs,
Plenty without the Hazard of Exceſs;
Here are full Joys in Hand, full Joys in View,
Here Wine and Appetite are ever New:
Ever begins their Feaſt and ne'er doth end,
Whom growing Loaves and living Springs attend;
Their Harps are well-ſtrung Hearts, well tuned
And ſacred Hallelujahs are their Songs; (Tongues,
Here ſit the Saints, here the Believers Sire
Is Nobly ſeated in his rich Attire;
Hither the King of Heaven new Gueſts do call,
Nor can he come too late that comes at all.

The mighty One who dwells and rules on High,
Angels attend with an obedient Eye.
The Secrets of his Breaſt they do not Skill,
But are the truſty Servants of his Will.

Thus charg'd he them, ‘ *Bring* Lazarus *to the Feaſt*,
‘ *And let him take his Place next* Abraham's *Breaſt.*
They with Rev'rence, and obeyed their King.
Joy rais'd their *Hearts*, and nimbly ſhook their *Wing.*
They fled from Heaven, yet Heaven was with them ſtill,
It was their Heaven to do their Maſter's Will.
They ſtopt not at the Stars (that pompous Show)
Who went to view a Brighter Star below.
The Point deſign'd they well did underſtand,
Who had old Voy'gers been to *Canaan*'s Land.
There they had been *Lot's Gueſts* (who was their Ward.)
There had they been *Eliſha*'s flaming *Guard*,
In that Land chiefly lay their Lord's Affairs,
They traffick'd there for Souls (thoſe precious Wares.)
Soon came they where Sick *Lazarus* had his Lare,
They ſtopp'd and waited for their Paſſenger;
No Viſitant found they with him but the Lord;
No Nurſe but Faith, no Cordial but the Word.
They heard him praying, ‘ *Lord, ſome Mercy ſhew,*
‘ *For I can find no Mercy here below.*
This ſaid, he ſigh'd, and was of Life bereav'd;
He gave his Soul, and they his Soul receiv'd;
With Shouts and Songs Triumphant up they went,
And to the Company did him preſent;
They ſhouted all, and joy'd the new-come Gueſt,
He gently ſtoops and leans on *Abraham*'s Breaſt.

Whom *Dives* curs'd and ſtately Fools diſdain'd,
How is he bleſt! How is he entertain'd!
Tho' Vertue here on Earth neglected lyes,
Yet Heaven will raiſe it, for 'tis Born to riſe.
Dives, that ſilken God, muſt never die,
Unleſs his Creatures and falſe Prophets lie.

He's

He's ſafe, if Death be caſt as far behind
His Body as it is below his Mind.
He's always Young, he learns it from his Glaſs,
Which ſmooths his furrow'd *Brow*, and paints his Face.
But a cold ſtriking Hand confutes the Lie,
Down falls his Flattering Glaſs, his Fancies die;
His Garden-walks muſt him no longer know,
The Life tree in his Garden doth not grow.
His Palace muſt be chang'd for a dark Tomb;
That was his Inn, but this muſt be his Home;
He muſt no longer at his Table ſtay,
The Voider (Death) is come to take away;
Death, that abhorr'd (both Name and) Thing comes on,
And potently torments this potent One;
It makes amazing Breaches, and in ſhort,
Hath ſeiz'd the Outworks, and attacks the Fort.
In what a wretched Poſture does he lye!
He cannot live, and yet he dares not die.
His Debt muſt be diſtrain'd; for he'll not pay,
Nor yield his Ghoſt; it muſt be fetch away,
He ſpurns, he ſtruggles, but Death keeps him under,
And with one Stroak tears Fleſh and Soul aſunder;
Then rang the Houſe with his Five Brethrens Cries,
Alas! our Brother; ſo they clos'd his Eyes.
His outward Parts are waſh'd, is inner Rooms
Stuff'd with *Arabian* Sweets and rich Perfumes.
Now Death his Purple is, now he's allow'd
Fine Linnen too, but 'tis a Fun'ral Shrowd;
Grave-fac'd Spectators with their Garments torn,
And ſhrouded Lips attend, the Room doth mourn.
Ah what a poor Revenge is this one Fate!
For one that cannot live to lye in State.
Amidſt the Gazing Crowd the Bearers come,
With Pomp they bring him to his painted Tomb.

Minſtrels

Minſtrels and Trumperers their Noiſes joyn,
And Women ſell falſe Tears for current Coyn.
Now leſt his Friends ſhould in ſalt Streams be *drown'd*
The Cup of Conſolation goes its Round.
But ſtay, my Soul; 'tis Death that thou muſt view,
Not Shadows which dead Bodies do enſue.

What a dark Notion and Abſtruſity
Is this to living Men that they muſt die!
Grim Death on his pale Horſe Triumphant rides,
He ſtrikes us through our neareſt Kinſman's Sides.
Yet are we ſenſleſs as the Stupid Mule,
Live as Exceptious from the common Rule;
We caſt a Cloth o'er Death; 'tis ſoon forgot;
We charm the Serpent, and it ſtings us not.

Now might one let this pleaſant Error paſs,
If Death was all, but Death his Second has;
When once the Diſſolution Hour is come,
Out goes the Soul to hear her final Doom.

You who have ſlightly heard the Fun'ral Knell,
Now hear the Voice which dooms the Ghoſt to Hell;
For thoſe whoſe Hearts an *Earthquake* will not ſhake,
Thro' Heavens loud-roaring Cannons may awake.

Dives black Ghoſt (all Horror and Deſpair)
Is from its Priſon ſnatch'd to th' diſmal Bar;
Behind him the impatient Devils roar,
His Sins (thoſe worſt of Devils) ſtand before;
With Terrors thus beſieg'd in every Place,
He hears a Voice, but might not ſee the Face.
The Voice was roaring Thunder in his Ears,
The Words were tearing Bolts and flaming Spears;

" *Go thou accurſt, vile Caitif hence away*
" *To Damned Ghoſt., come Devils, take your Prey.*
Struck with this Thunder, down he ſunk, he fell,
And was a Triumph to the Fiends of Hell.
Th' Ingenious Tyrants did a Council pack,
Their Malice ſets their Wits upon the Wrack.
When they had jointly ſtudy'd to torment,
For their Pale Priſoner then in haſte they ſent;
They chain'd and ſtak'd him to a furious Flame,
Where conſtant Streams of Brimſtone feed the ſame.
Behold Sins Martyr, and Hells Sacrifice!
He yells and howls, and vents unpity'd Cries.
He finds no Friendly Ear or tender Eye,
He feels a Thouſand Deaths, but cannot die;
Like burning Braſs he's fir'd in every Part,
A Vulture lives upon his living Heart.
God's gone, he's gone, and what an Hell is this,
To be depriv'd of everlaſting Bliſs!
O this Eternal Baniſhment is worſe,
Than all the Remnant of the Dooms-day Curſe.
This Hell of Hell may thus be underſtood,
No Torments are ſo bad as God is Good,
Beſides, an Appetite in Man doth lye,
Which nothing but a God can ſatisfie;
And tho' this Appetite be here deluded
By various Objects, in God's Room obtruded,
Yet when at Death all theſe are laid aſide,
Then thirſts the Soul for God, but is deny'd;
This Thirſt unquenched is ſuch an inward Flame,
An Hell in Hell is its deſerved Name;
In Hell there cannot be an Atheiſt,
'Tis Hell in Hell that God is dearly miſt.

Poor *Dives* cries, " *The God for whom I ſtarve*
" *I cannot ſee, becauſe I would not ſerue;*

" *I*

" *I bleed to think, (and thinking is my Fate)*
" *He often knocked at my bolted Gate.*
" *Where are thoſe Baits on which my Luſts did prey,*
" *The Price for which I caſt my ſelf away ? (Sports,*
" *Where's now my Pomp and Pride, my Feaſts and*
" *Whoſe Chains detain'd me from the ſacred Courts ?*
" *O did my Houſe ſo near the Temple ſtand !*
" *O did I periſh out of* Judah's *Land !*
" *Might I be try'd once more ! But 'tis too late,*
" *Juſtice hath lock'd the golden Mercy gate.*
" *Now I believe and tremble ; I repent,*
" *But my Repentance is my Puniſhment.*
" *It is not Virtue, but Neceſſity ;*
" *Alas, how miſerably Wiſe am I ?*
" *Might I return now to that happy Night,*
" *Which veil'd me e'er my Parent ſaw the Light ;*
" *Ah me ! Muſt I lye here, and ne'er come out !*

He raves and flings his Curſes round about.
He curs'd both Heaven and Hell, he curs'd the Earth,
He curs'd the Day that witneſs'd to his Birth:
But neither can his Tears his Griefs aſſwage,
Nor does it cool his Heart to vent his Rage.
This keen Reflection makes the Furnace glow,

" *It muſt be ever with me as 'tis now.*
" *Hells Flames no Aſhes will produce : But I*
" *Muſt ever dying live, and living die.*
" *Souls for themſelves the Balm of Patience bear,*
" *'Tis the Poor's Phyſick, but it grows not here ;*
" *My Soul is fill'd with Home-bred Tears and Taunts,*
" *'Tis its own Fury, and it ſelf it haunts.*
" *Pity was wont in Miſeries Houſe to dwell,*
" *But I am haled by the Hounds of Hell.*
" *Time us'd to be a Surgeon good at Wounds,*
" *But I am got beyond its happy Bounds.*

" *A*

" *A Veſſel charg'd with ſcalding Wrath am I*
" *Hoop'd in the Circle of Eternity.*

You who affect the pleaſant Path to Hell,
And love Damnation in its Cauſes well,
Look ſtreight before you on your Journeys End,
Do ye not ſee th' Infernal Smoke aſcend ?
Have not ſome Sparks into your Boſoms flown,
Whereby the Neighb-ring Coaſts may well be *known*?
Bold Sinner, ſtop, no further Progreſs make,
Leſt your next Step be in the fiery Lake ;
But, Oh ! He ridicules his Souls affairs,
And labours to be damn'd at unawares.
His Humour would not bear a Countermand ;
Alas for them who hate to underſtand !
Who on their Souls Experiments will try,
At the Charge of a ſad Eternity.
Alas for them who never will awake
Till they are plung'd into the burning Lake !
Dives was here ſtruck-Blind with flattering Lies
Now the Hell-brand lifts up his flaming Eyes ;
He ſpies the Region were the Happy dwell,
But Heaven at diſtance is another Hell.
He ſpies a *Canaan's* Feaſt, for chiefly there
The Natives of his Country do appear ;
He ſpies bleſt *Abraham* with his faithful Race,
And *Lazarus* ſitting next to *Abraham's* place.
Oh ! How it twinges and torments his Eyes ?
His Scorn to Envy turns, and thus he cries,
" *The Scoundrel who lay ſtarving at my Gate*
" *Is now a Peer in Heaven, an Angel's Mate* ;
" *The Beggar ſits and feeds on Angels Fare,*
" *His Rags are Robes, ſuch as Heavens Nobles wear* ;
" *The Dog, whom in Deriſion once I had,*
" *Is turn'd into a Star, which makes me Mad.*

Now

Now *Dives* is the Beggar, and applies
Himſelf to *Abraham* with his mournful Cries.

Dives *his Petition.*

AH! Father Abraham, *pity me,*
Who with tormenting Flames am ſtung,
For Pity whether ſhould I flee
But to the Bowels whence I ſprung?

The Grapes rich Blood I do not crave,
Waters cheap Element will ſuffice;
And tho' my Tongue thirſts for a Wave,
For one poor Drop it only Cries.

By Lazarus *moiſt'ned Finger may you pleaſe*
To give my ſcorched Tongue one Moment's Eaſe.
I dwell in Flames, and Flames in me do dwell,
O for a Drop from Heaven to ſweeten Hell.

Mark how the Wheel is turn'd, the time is come,
He begs a Drop who once deny'd a Crumb.
Right-thinking Judges then muſt need approve,
The tart and equal Anſwer from above.

Abraham's *Anſwer.*

ART thou Forlorn of God, and com'ſt to me?
What can I tell thee then but Miſery?
Remember, Son, the Heav'n thy Feet have trod,
Earth was thy Heav'n, and Pleaſure was thy God.

Remember

Remember *Lazarus* had his Hell below,
Thou wert the Devil which did cauſe his Woe;
Now are his Rags *Heav'ns Robes* with *glorious Beams*,
Thy Purple, Flames, thy Juncats, Sulph'rous Streams.

Is he thy Wiſh who was thy Scorn before?
Shall *Lazarus* now be Welcome to thy Door?
And doſt imagine ſome fair Bridge to lye
Betwixt the white and black Eternity?
No, there's a mighty Gulf which rends in twain
The Fiery Region and the Ætherial Plain.
We are too Happy to be diſpoſſeſt,
And you ſo curſed you can ne'er be bleſt;
We are ſo rais'd that we can never fall,
And you ſo ſunk you cannot riſe at all.
Once Angels went from Heav'n to Hell; but firſt,
They blackned were to Devils, and accurſt;
Since thoſe Stars fell, none of the Heav'nly Hoſt,
Or did, or ſhall, viſit th' Infernal Coaſts.
To you 'tis Bitter; but to us 'tis Sweet,
That we are parted and muſt never meet;
Heav'n were not Heav'n, if it near Hell was plac't,
Nor Hell were Hell, if it of Heav'n might taſte.
Can our pure Light with Smoke and Darkneſs dwell?
The Poles ſhall ſooner meet than Heaven and Hell.

Though Speech avails not, wracking Miſery
Extorts from him another fruitleſs Cry.
Extorts

Dives *his Second Petition.*

IF ſuch an Envious Gulf there be,
Yet, Father, lend an Ear to me:

From

From Earth to Heaven a way is pav'd,
How elſe came Lazarus *to be ſav'd?*
Let me ſo ſmall a Boon entreat,
That Lazarus *may his Steps repeat.*
And that he may embody'd go,
And tell the Stories of my Woe:
To my Five Brethren, who all dwell within
My Father's Houſe (Oh had we never been!)
Brethren in Bond of Nature and of Sin.
O let him tell them that there is a God,
Whoſe Scepter is a Sin-revenging Rod;
And let him tell them that advent'rous Drolls
Shall find unto their Coſt that they have Souls.
Mine ſtuck i'th' Scabbard till its angry Lord
Unſheath'd it, and it prov'd a flaming Sword.
That Limbeck, Death draws Spirits from our Clay,
To th' Element of Souls they haſte away;
And let him tell them, that the Sadducee
Shall be Hell's Convent, and Recant with me.
Whilſt they lye ſleeping on the Brink of Hell,
The Smoke they ſee not, nor the Brimſtone Smell:
There they'll diſport themſelves with Golden Dreams,
Till they betray 'em to theſe burning Streams:
But let him ſcare them with an hollow Sound,
That they (like Lot*) may flee their curſed Ground:*
O ſend him quickly; leſt they tumble in,
And prove the flaming Records of my Sin:
Can I no Water get at my Deſire?
Yet, O! No more, no more new Flakes of Fire.

This *Abraham* heard with unrelenting Ears;
No Pity's due to Hell-hounds Cries and Tears.

Abraham's *Answer*

ONce Heav'n bow'd down and *touch'd* th' *Arabian* Hill,
And gave a Sampler of the Sacred Will. (
To *Moses* Hands, that chosen Man of God,
Copies were taken, and dispers'd abroad.
(So his kind Arms abroad the River flings,
So the free Sun extends his fruitful Wings;
As this most Sacred Light it self displays,
And gilds the Tents of *Jacob* with its Rays.)
For Saints to come from God there is no Cause,
Himself came down, and did promulge his Laws:
Needs *Lazarus* take a Journey from the Sky,
When Wisdom at your Brethren's Gates doth cry,
Let them hear *Moses*, read by their Divines
I'th' Synagogue, to which their House adjoins;
And let them hear the Reverend Prophets next,
Those wond'rous Commentators on the Text?

Dives *his Reply.*

MOses ('*tis true*) *was an unerring Guide,*
So where those Sixteen Prophets on his Side:
This I as much believe as if I saw
The flaming Mount, and heard the fiery Law,
When every Word was accented with Thunder,
Which rent those Oaks, the Jewish Hearts asunder.
'Tis here as necessary to believe,
As it is natural to feel and grieve.
I that am now a Proof of Sacred Writ,
Do argue backwards with my After-wit:
Hell in the Threatnings, tho' I did not see,
The Threatnings are in Hell made plain to me.

I skowl'd upon the Heavens when they did Lowre,
The Clouds I fear'd not, but I feel the Shower.
Nothing will move my Brethren but a Sign,
Experience is the powerfulleſt Divine:
Faith is the Child of Senſe, whereas Report
Is entertain'd with Blaſphemy or Sport:
They have a ſword to cut the Gordian Knot;
Moſes ſaith many things, but proves them not.
And tho' they hear ſubſtantial Proofs there be,
Nothing is proof to them but what they ſee.
Had they an Emiſſary from above,
The very ſight a future State would prove:
Might he but tell them of your Heavenly Strand,
They'd all turn Pilgrims for that Holy Land:
Or might he preach the Torments which I feel,
His Word would wound like burning Gads of Steel;
His Words would tear down all like thund'ring Guns,
Beyond the faint Attempts, of Levi's *Sons.*
O were I of this curſed Chain releas'd!
(With that he gnaſh'd his Teeth, and knock'd his
Might I be to the Earth a Preacher ſent, Breaſt:)
I'd burn up Sin like Stubble where I went;
I'd ſmoke away their Luſts and flattering Lies,
Or forth I'd drive them with my glaring Eyes:
I'd blow a Trumpet which ſhould rend the Ground,
Their trembling Heart-ſtrings ſhould in Conſort ſound:
I'd teach the faithleſs Sadducees *their Creed,*
And make the Phariſees *to pray indeed:*
I'd tell the Ranters ſuch a doleful Tale,
That they ſhould mourn as in Megiddon's *Vale:*
I'd unbewitch the Sots and Slaves of Sin,
That ſuch a Reformation ſhould begin,
As in Joſiah's *time did not befal,*
And the next Age ſhould cannonize 'em all.

Abraham's

Abraham's Rejoinder.

A Preaching Apparition would confound
Heaven-daring Giants with its dreadful *Sound*;
(None quake ſo ſoon as they who Heaven do dare;
Who fear not God, the greateſt Cowards are:
But were the Coaſt once clear, the Shake once o're.
The Lees would ſettle as they did before.
'*It was a waking Dream they would conclude,*
'*A Juggle which our Senſes did delude:*
'*Or did we ſomething ſee? And ſomething hear?*
'*Yet whence it came it doth not yet appear.*
Nay, they would gravely reaſon out the Caſe,
'*What we can graſp we gladly will embrace:*
'*The reſt we leave; to them let Children bark,*
'*And fright themſelves with Fancies in the Dark*
'*What is a Spirit? What's Infinity?*
'*What does the Word* [*Eternal*] *ſignifie?*
Charm'd are their Souls with this Oration made,
And now their Fear ſhall vaniſh like the Shade.
Thus Fools (*tho' pounded*) *will not loſe a Grain,*
And frozen Snakes, when thaw'd, will hiſs again.

Come now thou that pretend'ſt to act the Man,
Something there needs muſt be which ne'er began;
If all were nothing once, ſo 'twould be now,
A Number from bare Cyphers could not grow.
Nothing's a barren Womb; if that could breed,
To be and not to be were well agreed.
One Point is gain'd, that ſomething ever was;
This hard Word ever you muſt let it paſs.
Know'ſt thou how far this ever doth extend;
You muſt grant what you cannot comprehend.

But what was ever? This imperial Robe
Suits not the Azure nor the Verdant Globe.
One is a turning Wheel that ſpins out Time,
The other Pools with Spots of hard'ned Slime.
Now mark the Kinds of each, and you ſhall find
Unto their proper Spheres they are confin'd.
Hereby is their Original confeſt,
There's but a partial Goodneſs in the beſt.
This is the Voice of their infirmity,
' *Meer Beggars and Derivatives are we.*
What's of it ſelf, that doth its ſelf ſuffice,
'Tis from our Creatureſhip our Wants ariſe.
What of it ſelf, that in its ſelf is Bleſt,
'Tis its own Center, and at perfect Reſt;
Rich is that Being whence all Beings are,
And whence each being has its proper Share.
Nor is't a Wonder of ſo high Degree,
To make to be, as of it ſelf to be;
Something then ever was, which needs muſt be,
From all the Shades of Imperfections free.
Hence are we; and to think, in Vain we are,
Is to condemn his Wiſdom at our Bar.
As Men the Badge of their Dependance wear
On their frail Fleſh, (the Graves Probationer.)
And on their Hearts, whoſe reſtleſs Motion ſhow
Something they want, which is not here below;
So muſt they own whom they are forc'd to know,
And pay themſelves to whom themſelves they owe;
Neither would this their Light of Comfort dim,
But they ſhould ſerve themſelves in ſerving him.
When Graves upbraid proud Grave-ſtones with their Lies,
God's Servant is a Title never dies.

The Thoughts in Man do prove his Soul to be,
His Conſcience bodes his Immortality.

This

This Boſom-magiſtrate his Facts eſpies,
And binds him over to the laſt Aſſize.
He trembles at his Summons to appear;
His Fear makes not a God, God makes his Fear.
Religion by corroding doth aſſay
Even thro' an Heart of Rock to force its Way.
O might he to himſelf be ſo ſincere,
To ſtrive to pleaſe whom he's conſtrain'd to fear.

Yet will he be a Vagrant all his Days,
Without a Method to direct his Ways.
What Eye e'er pierc'd th' Almighty's Sacred Breaſt?
Himſelf knows only what will pleaſe him beſt.
Since Man was made to ſerve his Maker's Will,
Which is an height tranſcending humane Skill.
A Rule muſt needs be granted from on High
For him to regulate his Actions by.
This Heaven-ſprung Rule that Sacred Roll contains,
Which in the conſecrated Land remains.
Its Words and Myſteries are all Divine,
And weighty Mountains hang on every Line;
It (Sun-like) ſhines by its own Golden Beams,
And ſcorns its baſe Corrivals ſenſleſs Dreams.
Thoſe Spangles which the *Heathen* Sages left
Were from this Mine ſnatch'd by an Honeſt Theft.
Give me that hardy Brow that dares deny
The Bibles well-atteſted Hiſtory.
Moſes ſaid many Things, and prov'd them too,
With Proofs which all Hell's Magick did outdo;
God's Power he carried in his Hands, to ſhow
That from his Mouth the Truths of God did flow:
And his Credentials on his Face did ſhine,
Which there were written by a Beam Divine.
The gazing *Jews* were ſtruck, who plainly ſaw,
That whence he had his Light, he had his Law.

Thoſe

Thoſe Sections which the ſacred Code begin,
Were by an Age of Wonders uſher'd in.
The Prophets Superſtructure firmly ſtands
On Two hewn Stones laid by th' Almighty's Hands.
They count the Footſteps of their coming Lord,
They view the Mercy-ſeat with one Accord.
One tells his Name, another tells his Place,
Another writes the Beauties of his Face.
Thus is he glanc'd at by their piercing Eyes,
The laſt of them his Harbinger eſpies.
And O the Brisk, the Charming, Airs that ſpring
From the Conſent of each harmonious String!
He's Over wiſe who dreads fictitious Lines
From Hands unbrib'd, and Hearts without Deſigns.
They wrote beyond *themſelves*, which ſerves to prove
Their Hearts and Hands were guided from above.
The World's juſt Age, and what was done of Old,
Are in the Sacred Regiſter inroll'd.
Here may be ſeen the Priſtine State of Man,
And, (that *Nile*'s Head) the Source where Ills began.
Here may be ſeen what makes a ſecond Spring;
Here is the beſt Account of every Thing.

The Wonders witneſs'd now by mortal Eyes
Are but the Products of its Propheſies.
The Scriptures rule the World: Till this ſhall burn,
All Ages on that Axle-tree ſhall turn.

This Heaven-inſpired Volume doth avow
What Reaſon may embrace, or muſt allow.
When God deſcribes himſelf, 'tis ſuch an Height
As far ſurmounts quick Fancies higheſt Flight.
'Tis Reaſon, Reaſon ſhould be puzzled here;
Man ſhould be God if he knew what he were.
To theſe vaſt Heights thus ſober Reaſon ſaith,
I ſee the Seals, and yields the Chair to Faith.

Now

Now the Almighty's Word ſhall Vermin ſlight,
When Heaven and Earth bear Witneſs to its Might?
Vaſt Numbers from his Word at firſt did flow,
And muſt his Word paſs for a Cypher now?
Nay, his Commands at firſt Creations were.
And now his Word commands and gives an Ear:
It is a Sun that gives both Light and Eyes,
A Voice that bids and makes the Dead ariſe.
It makes Clouds, Stars, and ſends them to the Sky;
And turneth Heaven into a Colony.
Unbelief is not Reaſon, but a Luſt;
God's Hand and Sword gives it its mortal Thruſt.
The Law of the Two Tables will prevail,
When other (ſelf-invented) Means ſhall fail.
Whilſt other Arches level in the Dark,
The Arrow's from God's Quiver hit the Mark.
What Voices, or what Viſions, would you have?
God's Voice (or nothing) will your Brethren ſave?
New Methods of Salvation to contrive
Is fruitleſs Labour; let 'em hear and live:
But if they won't, their *Mittimus* is ſeal'd;
A ſtubborn Patient never can be heal'd.

If Preachers rais'd by God they will diſdain,
Preachers rais'd from the Grave ſhould preach in vain
(

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Penitential

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And carried on by another Hand.

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Penitential

Penitential Cries.

I. *The Sinner's Self-Reflection.*

I.

AH Lord, ah Lord, what have I done?
What will become of me?
What ſhall I ſay, what ſhall I do?
Or whither ſhall I flee?
By wandering I have loſt my ſelf,
And here I make my moan;
O whither, whither have I ſtray'd,
Ah Lord, what have I done?

II.

Thy Candle ſearches all my Rooms,
And now I plainly ſee,
The numerous Sins of Earth and Hell
Are ſummed up in me,
The Seeds of the Ills that grow,
Are in my Garden ſown,
And multitudes of them are ſprung,
Ah Lord, what have I done?

III.

I have been Satan's willing Slave,
And his moſt eaſy Prey,
He was not readier to Command,
Then I was to Obey;
Or if at any time he left my Soul,
Yet ſtill his Work went on,

I was a Tempter to my ſelf;
Ah Lord, what have done?

IV.

I puſt at all the Threats of Heaven,
And ſlighted all its Charms,
Nor Satan's Fetters would I leave,
For Chriſt's inviting Arms:
I had a Soul but priz'd it not,
And now my Soul is gone.
My forced Cries do pierce the Skies,
Ah Lord, what have I done?

II. *The Sinner's Remorſe, as the 25th* Pſalm.

I.

LORD, thou haſt overcome,
I've got my deadly Wound,
And he that Kicks againſt the Pricks,
Will ſoon himſelf confound;
My Sins, thoſe venomous Darts,
Which Heaven-wards I did throw,
Are now my Rack, being driven back
By mine Almighty Foe.

II.

My Sins have found me out,
And at my Door they lie;
And there they ſtay both Night and Day,
And there I hear them cry;
In vain my Friends attempt
To cure my Miſeries,
What they propound to me is drown'd
In Sin's loud roaring Cries.

III.

In vain are all the Tears
Of them that ſtand without

My

My Dart's within, it is my Sin,
They cannot pull it out;
My Heart is all one Wound,
My Breath repeated Sighs,
My Bread is Tears, my Life is Fears,
My Language Groans and Cries.

IV.

What are Heavens Lights to him
Who in the Dungeon lies,
Not one thin Ray, or piece of Day
Does chear my clouded Eyes;
Sin's Match enkindles Hell,
Sin makes the Damned Roar,
This I have heard without regard,
But never knew before.

III. *The Sinner's Fears.*

I.

ALas! For I have ſeen the Lord,
With a drawn Sword He ſtood,
Now might He ſheath it in my Fleſh,
And bathe it in my Blood;
I've dar'd him with my mighty Sins,
As if He was too ſlow,
But now He comes both arm'd and girt,
As an inraged Foe.

II.

What ſhall a guilty Sinner do?
When Juſtice does appear,
O whither ſhall I flee from him,
Whoſe Place is every where?
As I can neither ſtand nor fly,
So neither can I bear,
That Mighty Hand which grinds the Rocks,
And doth Foundations tear.

III.

My pale, my poor, my trembling Soul
  Does ſtart at every thing,
It hourly fears huge Hoſts of Wrath
  From this incenſed King;
Should He but his Commiſſions grant,
  All Creatures would ingage
Againſt me their common Foe,
  With an united Rage.

IV.

I have ſuch Monſters in my Soul,
  As do portend and tell,
As Devils here with me have dwelt,
  So I with them muſt dwell;
They have my wretched Soul poſſeſs'd,
  They hold it in their Chains,
I fear leſt they ſhould drag it down
  To ſuffer endleſs Pains.

V.

My Fears are juſt, I've deſerved Hell,
  And 'tis my proper Hire,
But who can dwell, O who can dwell
  With everlaſting Fire?

IV. *The Sinner's Shame or Confuſion.*

I.

SO fooliſh, ſo abſurd am I,
  That nothing can be more;
Was ever ſuch a Monſter ſeen
  Upon the Earth before?
I dare not look upon the Earth,
  The Witneſs of my Sin;
My Conſcience is a Doomſday Book:
  I dare not look within.

Upwards

II.

Upwards I durſt not caſt mine Eyes,
For there my Judge doth ſit:
Nor downwards whence the Smoke does riſe,
From the Infernal Pit;
How ſhall I anſwer at the Bar,
Of him who is moſt pure?
I cannot anſwer for my ſelf;
My ſelf I can't endure.

III.

And as my ſelf I can't endure,
My ſelf I cannot fly;
Thus Fools do ſell themſelves for Slaves,
And what a Slave am I?
My Heart the ſeat of Folly is,
My Life a Life of Sin,
Surely I am more brutiſh far,
Than ever Brute hath been.

IV.

Is this my Wit, is this my Way?
To make a glorious Name?
Is this the Thanks I've paid to Heaven,
Ah what a Beaſt I am?
The Crown is fallen from my Head,
My Royal Robes are gone?
Confuſion is my only Cloak,
And I muſt put it on.

V.

And whilſt I bluſh, and whilſt I bleed,
Here will I ſit alone;
And here I'll lead the Leper's Life,
And make my doleful moan:
I am not worthy of the Earth,
Not worthy of the Air,

Not worthy of the watery drop,
  But of the Damneds fare.

VI.

O how it kills my Heart to think
  Upon my fooliſh ways!
Yet this I'll bear, and bleſs the Lord,
  Becauſe Damnation ſtays.

V. *The Sinner's Amazement; as the 25th* Pſalm.

I.

I Read that Sins are Clouds,
  Whence Vengeance Storms have fell,
But this is that, I wonder at,
  That I am out of Hell.
Sure there are thoſe in Hell,
  Who never have deſerv'd
In Hell to lie, ſo much as I,
  And yet I am preſerv'd.

II.

My Sins have proudly ſcorn'd,
  My Sins have boldly dar'd
The God of Might, with much deſpight,
  And yet my Soul is ſpar'd.
The beſt and goodlieſt things
  Which did this World adorn,
By Sin are ras'd, and quite defac'd,
  Yet ſtill I am forborn.

III.

At our firſt Parents breach,
  Pale Death came ruſhing in,
The Angels fell from Heav'n to Hell
  Preſs'd with the weight of Sin.
The Sodomites Cry prevail'd,
  Hell could no longer ſtay,

But

But lo! There came a Sulph'rous Flame,
And met them by the Way.

IV.

When *Corah* did rebel
Earth would not be his Slave
To bear his weight, but opens ſtrait,
And was his willing Grave:
When *Iſrael* did corrupt
The Air with murmuring Breath,
It did rebound, and gave a Wound,
And that was preſent Death.

V.

The whole Creation groans,
Sin's wrecks the World do fill,
It empties Rooms to furniſh Tombs,
Yet I am living ſtill:
On the Lord's Hand I live,
And cannot but Admire
He does not ſhake ſo vile a Snake
Into Eternal Fire.

VI.

That Miracles are ceas'd
Some confidently tell;
But I do know it is not ſo
Whilſt I am out of Hell.

VI. *The Sinner's Hope.*

I.

WHO knows but ſuch an one as I
May Grace and Mercy find?
I hear the God of *Iſrael*
Is Merciful and kind:
Had he been pleas'd to torture me
With Everlaſting Bands,

He might have done it long ago,
Who had me in his Hands.

II.

I do not hear the Trumpet ſound
To call me to his Bar;
The Proofs and Patterns of his Grace
Forbid me to Deſpair:
Deſpair is a ſuch a Sin of Sins
It cannot be forgiv'n;
Whilſt other Sins Hell's Ways do pave,
This Bars the Gates of Heav'n.

III.

Ceaſe then thy Murmuring, O my Soul,
And ſilently attend
To th' ſounding Bowels of a Chriſt,
Who is the Sinner's Friend:
He does not ſay, Depart from me
Into Eternal Fire;
But, Come into my open Breaſt,
Where weary Souls retire.

IV.

The trembling Wretch, Who touch'd his Hem,
But fear'd an heavy Doom,
Receiv'd a Cure, and Bleſſing too,
And went rejoycing home:
The Prodigal deſerv'd and far'd
Worſe than the Swine he fed,
But found a Mirthful Feaſt at home,
Who only lookt for Bread.

V.

Heav'n lookt upon the *Publican*
Who was bow'd down with ſhame;
Mercy he call'd, which ſoon appear'd,
And anſwer'd to its Name;

My Sins are mighty Sins indeed,
But I have underſtood
Great Sins are Foils which do inhance
The Price of Saving Blood.

VI.

My Soul has many ghaſtly Wounds,
Yet will I not deſpair,
Whilſt there is Balm in *Gilead*,
And a Phyſician there:
That I might March to *Canaan*'s Land,
The Silver Trumpet ſounds;
My Day ſtill ſhines, my Tent is fix'd
Within Salvation's Bounds.

VII.

The Door is ſhut, but is not barr'd,
And he that is within
Does bid me ask, and ſeek, and knock,
And ſtrive to enter in:
Here then I'll ask, and ſeek, and knock,
Until the Door be ope;
Nor will I ſtir a Foot from hence;
It is a Door of Hope.

VII. *The Sinner's Confeſſion.*

WHo, who can number all the Stars,
Number the Sands upon the Shore?
Then may'ſt thou count the numerous Hoſts
That throng my Way to Mercy's Door.

Manaſſeh's Sins were white to mine,
Mine bear the deepeſt Crimſon Dye;
Sure never any ſo provok'd
So ſweet, ſo kind a God as I.

How is it, Lord, thou doſt ſo long
Such Guiltineſs as this forbear,
When almoſt every Thought's a Sin?
My very Breath pollutes thy Air.

Sinners may for a time Rejoice,
Till threatned Storms of Wrath ariſe,
But challeng'd Juſtice will awake
Its Sword, and then the Sinner dies.

What Fools are they that entertain
With Scorn the ſounds of Goſpel-Grace?
Sorrow and Sin walk in a Chain,
Although they keep not equal Pace,

Approaching Sin is deckt with Charms.
And ſmiles in Promiſes of Gain;
No ſooner paſt our Joys are loſt
All ſuch Delights ſhut up in Pain.

VIII. *Another.*

I.

WHO, can number all the Stars,
Or Sands upon the Shore?
Thy Sins, thy Sins are multitudes,
My Soul, thy Sins are more.
Alas! I cannot bear the ſight,
They do like Clouds ariſe;
The Sword of Juſtice will awake
For they have reach'd the Skies.

II

Moſt ſtubbornly I have rebell'd,
And broke thy Law, O God;

How

How juſt is it that ſuch a wretch
Should feel thy Flaming Rod?
I bleed to think how I did ſlight
Thy Meſſage from above;
How I deſpis'd thy Blood, O Chriſt,
And thy Redeeming Love;

III.

How oft I did repeat my Sin,
And ran upon the Score;
Tho' Conſcience loudly did diſſwade,
And bad me ſin no more.
How is it, Lord, thou doſt ſo long
This wretched Soul forbear,
When almoſt every Thought's a Sin?
My Breath pollutes thy Air.

IV.

Manaſſeh's Sins were white to mine,
Mine bear a Crsmſon dye;
Sure never any ſo provok'd
The Lord of Hoſt as I.
Ah, how much viler than the Earth
By Sin am I become:
A Sinner of polluted Birth,
A Sinner in the Womb.

V.

Lord, whither whither muſt I range
To count up my Tranſgreſſions?
Give me thy Pardon, in exchange
Accept of my Confeſſions.

IX. *The Sinners Retreat.*

I.

FArewel vain World, I bid adieu,
Thou canſt not fill, but Cloy;

Thy Throne, O God, does ſend forth new
And more refined Joy:
Meer Vanity does Man purſue
With Eagerneſs and Heat;
The braveſt things the World can ſhew
Are but a perfect Cheat:

II.

Who gain the Riches of the Earth,
Gain but a finer Droſs,
Who gain a World, and loſe a Soul,
Suſtain the greateſt Loſs:
The Blaſt of Honour ſounds aloud,
Yet that's but empty Air,
Which quickly paſſes through the Croud,
And does no more appear.

III.

Alas, there's nothing here that can
True Bleſſedneſs afford;
Ye painted Shadows get you gone,
Ye hold me from my Lord;
He's bleſs'd indeed who loveth God,
Whoſe undefiled Mind
Can ſcorn ſuch mean, ignoble Joys,
He noble Joys ſhall find.

IV.

O happy they who only love
Their God, and him admire;
That I may taſte thoſe Joys that laſt
I'll from the World retire:
I'll make it my Ambition now
To be belov'd of God,
And under his delightful Shade
Will ſettle mine abode.

X. *The Sinner Reſolves.*

I.

THIS empty World has now too long
Deceived me with Lies;
I am reſolved to be gone,
Deluded Soul ariſe.
Go fly to Chriſt without delay,
Engage him for thy Friend;
Such Men are bleſſed in their Way,
And bleſſed in their End.

II.

What have I more to do with Sin?
Ye flattering Sweets be gone;
The Time and Place 'twas acted in
Are ſad to think upon.
My vain Companions I'll forſake,
Them from their Ways withdraw;
I'll read a Lecture that ſhall make
Thoſe frozen Hearts to thaw.

III.

My Sins will I no more repeat,
Nor finiſh that begun;
My Summons to the Judgment-Seat
May come before it's done:
I will not with my finger once
Touch my beloved Sin;
Who knows its latter end? you know
But where it did begin.

IV.

The Snares of Satan lye ſo low,
And are ſo ſmoothly plac't,
I'll ſoftly tread where e'er I go,
And never act in haſte:

The Word and Spirit I'll obey,
And think if God ſay ſo
It is enough; I'll never ſtay
To ſee what others do.

V.

I'll Dedicate my ſelf to God,
And his alone will be;
I triumph I am in the Road
To true Felicity.
Lord, all is ſpread before thy Face,
My Soul reſolves upon;
My Soul commits it to thy Grace,
O leave it not alone!

XI. *The Sinners Cry for Pardon?*

I.

MY God, he is the God of Grace,
Who Pardons has in ſtore,
Whoſe boundleſs Treaſures have enrich:
Whom Sin has firſt made poor.
'Tis Mercy's Glory to forgive,
And not in Wrath deſtroy;
This adds freſh comforts to the Saints,
New Triumphs to their Joy.

II.

This will encourage Souls to ſeek
To the Redeemer's Face,
When the *Manaſſehs* of our Day,
And *Magdalens* find Grace:
My Sins are Mountains; tho' they be
Theſe Mountains cannot ſtand;
What are thoſe Mountains to my Chriſt?
They fly at thy Command.

III. Tho'

III.

Tho' they are high and numberleſs
I'm in Salvation's Road;
They cannot poſe the Blood of Chriſt,
Which is the Blood of God:
Where Sin abounds his Records ſay
Grace has abounded more;
This is; and ſhall be ſtill my Plea,
Whilſt thou haſt Grace in ſtore.

XII. *Another.*

I.

GReat God, thou art a God of Grace,
Who Pardons haſt in ſtore;
O do not turn away thy Face
From me, tho' I am poor.
I do deſerve the hotteſt Plagues
Of an incenſed God;
To drink the Vials of his Wrath,
To feel the Damneds Rod.

II.

But turn away thy Wrath from me,
Now turning at thy call;
O why ſhould'ſt thou exalt thy ſelf
In thy poor Creatures fall?
I might be caſt into thy Jail,
There lie for evermore;
But, Lord, thy Patience did give Bail,
Thy Chriſt did pay the Score.

III.

Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,
This is the Total Sum;
For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit,
Lord, let thy Mercy come.

Lord,

Lord, if thou wilt my Sins forgive,
Wilt not in Wrath deſtroy,
'Twill add new Comforts to thy Saints,
Freſh Triumphs to their Joy.

IV.

This will encourage Sinners, Lord,
To turn and ſeek thy Face,
When they ſhall hear the worſt of them
Has now obtain'd thy Grace:
My Sins are Mountains, tho' they be
Theſe Mountains cannot ſtand;
What are thoſe Mountains to my Chriſt?
They fly at thy Command.

V.

My Sins indeed are numberleſs,
Are not thy Mercies ſo?
This did thy pardon'd ones profeſs,
They bad me to thee go.
Tho' they be numerous and great,
I'm in Salvations Road;
They cannot paſs the Blood of Chriſt,
Which is the Blood of God.

VI.

Where Sin abounds, thy Word does ſay
Grace has abounded more;
This is, and ſhall be ſtill, my Plea
Whilſt thou haſt Grace in ſtore;
Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,
This is the total Sum;
For Mercy Lord, is all my Suit,
Lord, let thy Mercy come.

XIII. *The Sinner's Addreſs to Chriſt.*

I.

WHere lies a Sin I'll drop a Tear;
But views of ſaving Blood
Can only calm the Tempeſt here,
And do my Conſcience good:
'Tis thou alone, my Lord, canſt give
This aking Heart Relief;
Chriſt's gentle Voice would make it live,
His Hand wipe off my Grief.

II.

Thoſe falſly call'd the Sweets of Sin
Are bitter unto me;
I loath the State that I am in,
I come, I come, to thee:
But Oh! Wilt thou receive him now
That's coming to thy Door?
For I can bring no Dowry, Lord,
I come extreamly poor.

III.

What if my Tears could make a Flood?
My Righteouſneſs is Droſs;
Thoſe Tears needs waſhing in thy Blood,
Tho' wept upon the Croſs:
I have an Argument to plead,
Which thou canſt not deny;
Thy Grace is free, and thou doſt give
To Sinners, ſuch as I,

IV.

Thou doſt invite all wand'ring Souls,
And I am one of thoſe;
With thee the Sick do find a Cure,
The Weary find Repoſe:

The

The World and Sin will ever vex,
Will trouble and moleſt;
But, I will truſt my Soul with Chriſt,
To bring to Heavens Reſt.

XIV. *The Sinners Reception.*

I.

WHilſt others coſtly Offerings bring
Unto my Lord moſt dear,
To him a Song of Praiſe I'll ſing,
And Sacrifice a Tear:
This is my choiceſt Gift, I have
No better to impart;
When thou receiv'dſt me firſt then I
Did offer up mine Heart.

II.

I am the Prodigal return'd,
And met upon a plain,
And thou the loving Father that
Invit'ſt me home again:
Thou didſt invite, and bring me home,
My Study now ſhall be
To furniſh and prepare a Room,
Where Chriſt may dwell with me.

III.

O cleanſe my Soul, and make it white,
Adorn it with thy Grace;
To dwell with me do thou delight,
And never hide thy Face:
Who can but love ſo dear a Lord!
I'll make a daily Feaſt;
The daily Exerciſe of Grace
Shall entertain my Chriſt.

IV.

I love thee, Lord; and thou doſt know
How I adore thy Name;
Surely, my God, I would do ſo,
Would wear a loving Frame:
With thankfulneſs I will record
Thy kindneſs all my Days,
I'll live upon, and to the Lord,
And breathe a conſtant Praiſe.

XV. *The Sinners Admiration of Divine* Mercy, *as the* 148th Pſalm.

I.

WHat Line can fathom, Lord,
Thy rich and wondrous Grace?
Your praiſing Songs Record,
Ye Saints in every Place.
Bleſs God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

II

Hell was my proper Hire,
Who long was Satan's Slave,
Fit fuel for that Fire,
But God delights to ſave:
Bleſs God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

III.

Vile Prodigals may not
Acceptance with thee fear;
No Sigh was e'er forgot,
God bottels every Tear:

Bleſs God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

IV.

My Sins were very high,
I ſinking into Hell,
Free Mercy then drew nigh
And caught me as I fell:
Bleſs God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song,
For every Breath.

V.

Cherubs cannot expreſs
Such Love, which ne'er decays;
What can my Soul do leſs
Than love him all my Days.
Bleſs God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

XVI. *The Soul's Thirſt.*

I.

I Bleſs my God for giving Grace,
Whoſe Bounty will augment my Store,
And as my Grace does thus advance,
So, Lord, thy Praiſes ſhall be more.

II.

But ſurely Hearts are barren Soil,
Meer Nature can bear nothing good;
But I ſhall grow, the Holy Ghoſt
Waters me with a Sacred Flood.

III. Be

III.

Be thou to me as thou haſt been
Unto thy Choſen *Iſrael*,
A Dew to keep my Branches green,
A Sun to make my Bloſſoms ſmell.

IV.

He who eſteems a trifling Joy
Above the Beamings of thy Face,
Prefers a Pebble to a Throne,
And tires in his heavenly Race.

V.

But Heaven-born Souls are thirſty ſtill,
Like me, repeat their Suits again;
I am thy Garden, and intreat
Thy own Plantation may have Rain.

XVII. *For Spiritual Protection.*

I.

I Have an Hoſt of Enemies
Are ever breaking in;
Satan, the World, the Fleſh, deviſe
To ruin me by Sin:
I truſt to God as my Defence
Againſt their Subtilties;
From all deſtructive Baits of Senſe
Wilt thou reſtrain mine Eyes.

II.

Tho' ye combine againſt my Soul,
I make the Lord my Guard,
Who will your fiery Breath controul,
Who will be my Reer-ward:
Whenever Dangers near approach,
Lord, be at Hand to me;

And bring my Soul by each Aſſault
The nearer unto thee.

III.

O keep from Sin, which brings a Frown,
Be Gracious to my Cry;
Let no Temptations caſt them down,
That on thy Grace rely:
Why ſhould that Frame ſet up within
Which thine own Hand did raiſe,
Be ever broke or ſlur'd by Sin?
Why ſhouldſt thou loſe thy Praiſe?

IV.

Even as thy Care, thy Hand is large,
And fills each empty Space?
Remember that I am thy Charge;
This Day conſult my Caſe:
My Soul, my Frame I will commit
To thee, O Holy Ghoſt!
Thou art my Guardian, and I truſt
Thy Work ſhall not be loſt.

XVIII. *Lamenting the Loſs of Firſt Love.*

I

O That my Soul was now as Fair
As it has ſometimes been,
Devoid of that Diſtracting Care
Without, and Guilt within:
There was a Time when I could tread
No Circle but of Love;
That Joyous Morning now is fled,
How heavily I move!

II.

Unhappy Soul, that thou ſhould'ſt force
Thy Saviour to depart,

When

When he was pleaſed with ſo coarſe
A Lodging in thy Heart!
How ſweetly I enjoy'd my God!
With how Divine a Frame!
I thought on every Plant I trod,
I read my Saviour's Name!

III.

I liv'd, I lov'd, I talk'd with thee,
So ſweetly we agreed,
And thou no Stranger waſt to me
Till I became a Weed:
The Tempter robb'd me, and I muſt,
I fear, be ever Poor,
May this ſuffice, to rowl'th' Duſt
Before thy Temple Door?

IV.

My deareſt Lord, my Heart flames not
With Love, that Sacred Fire;
But ſince my Love has wore that Blot,
Repentance runs the higher:
O might thoſe Days return again,
How welcome they ſhould be!
Shall my Petition be in vain
Since Grace is ever free?

V.

Lord of my Soul, return, return,
To chaſe away this Night;
Let not thine Anger ever burn,
God once was my Delight.

XIX. *The Conflict.*

I.

AH me! My Heart's the Seat of War:
Two Armies there appear;

Satan has drawn his Forces up,
My God, my Strength, draw near:
The Fleſh and Spirit doth contend
For this weak Soul of mine;
Two Worlds in Competition ſtand,
Lord, ſave me, I am thine.

II.

The Soul upon the Wing of Faith
Strews Triumphs in its Way,
But ſtrait a guilty Thought breaks in,
And mingles Night with Day.

III.

My Evidences ſhould be clear,
But Ah! The Bolts of Sin
Turn chearing Hopes to ſadning Fear,
And make black Doubts within:
The Laws of Sin and Grace will jar,
Both dwelling in one Room;
The Saints expect perpetual War,
Till they are ſent for home.

IV.

Altho' theſe Combates make you fear,
They ſhould not caſt you down;
God will give Grace to hold out here,
And Glory for its Crown.

XX. *The Backſlider's Return.*

I.

THO' I am fallen from my God
I'll venture to draw nigh;
His Word aſſures me He would not
Have any Sinner die:
Sinners may hope to ſee God's Face,
Tho' fallen ne'er ſo low,

If

If they go to the Throne of Grace,
And weeping as they go.

II.

Who ſhames himſelf before him there,
His Sin ſhall be forgot;
If Sinners bluſh when they confeſs,
That bluſhing hides their Spot:
Ah Lord! I am aſham'd to come,
Aſham'd with Thee to meet;
I dare not look, but down I fall
At thy moſt bleſſed Feet.

III.

Did ever any thus before,
Thus baſely wrong thy Grace?
Sure I'm more Vile than any one
Of Lapſed *Adam*'s Race:
Here comes a Prodigal, Lord, hear,
And anſwer at his Call,
I beg for Jeſus Sake, that thou
Remember not my Fall.

IV.

Nothing I plead on my behalf,
But yet thou knoweſt well,
Bright Saints in Heav'n were once black Brands
Snatch'd from a burning Hell.
The Blood of Bulls thou askeſt not,
A Penitential Groan
Shall be accepted, this I bring,
And offer at thy Throne.

XXI. *The Sinner's Morning-Prayer; as the* 100 Pſalm.

I.

GOD, who once more unſeal'd mine Eyes,
Shall have my choiceſt Sacrifice;
My higheſt Thanks I humbly pay,
For Mercies running Night and Day.

II

O Lord, thy Pardon I implore,
And Grace, that I offend no more;
O let thy Goodneſs never ceaſe,
Renew thy Covenant of Peace.

III.

As thou reneweſt ſtill my Days,
With new Endearments Crown my Ways;
Father, with me this Day abide,
Be thou my Leader and my Guide,

IV.

That I may plainly ſee and know
The very Path where I ſhould go,
And may at Night rejoycing ſay,
My God was kind to me this Day.

V.

Thoſe Graces that I want, ſupply,
And keep me with a tender Eye;
Let my Corruptions more and more
Loſe of the Ground they had before.

VI.

By Faith, dear Saviour, I would live,
And like the fruitful Lilly thrive:
The fruitful Chriſtian honours God,
And ſhews his Paſtures to be good.

VII.

Give me my Claim to Heaven clear,
Thy conſtant Grace to perſevere;
Whilſt here on Earth, be thou my Guard,
And at the laſt my great Reward.

XXII. *The Sinner's Evening-Prayer; as the* 100 Pſalm.

I.

O Lord, behold a wretched One,
That flings himſelf before thy Throne,
By Practice ſinful, and by Birth,
Lord, viler, viler than the Earth!

II.

O let thy Chriſt, my Jeſus be,
To ſave from Sin and Miſery!
My Soul beneath thy Feet I lay,
Intreating Pardon for this Day.

III.

God made his World and brought me in,
And I brought mine, my World of Sin;
Behold thoſe Sins, not as a Spy
To mark, or as a Judge to try;

IV.

But as Phyſician to the Poor,
Who brings a Balſam for the Sore.
Abſolve, renew me by thy Grace,
Fit me for Death, which comes apace.

V.

Encircle me within thine Arm,
My Body to defend from harm;
Preſerve my wandring Soul from Sin,
Both going out, and coming in.

VI.

Keep far from me a careleſs Heart,
From which my Saviour would depart;
O bleſs and proſper all my Ways,
That they may iſſue in thy Praiſe.

XXIII. *A Cry for Improvement of Talents.*

I.

I Am a Tree that God hath ſet,
Which He expects ſhould grow;
We muſt allow that Hand to Reap,
Which was at coſt to Sow.

II.

If thou expecteſt from my Flock,
Or from my Tillage Bread,
Then help me to improve my Stock,
Let not thy Grace lie dead.

III.

Thoſe Talents that the Maſters lend,
The Servants muſt improve.
Thine Aid, O my great Maſter! Send,
To help me from Above:
Since thou didſt buy me when a Slave,
Shall I not now be true?
I'll uſe the Power that I have,
Dear Saints, for God and you.

IV.

With Riches give a liberal Heart,
That ſo I may reſtore
Again, and pay the Tythes unto
Thy Deputies, the Poor:
That Honour thou doſt ſhine on me,
Shall honour thee always;
My leſſer Talents joyn to pay
Their Tribute to thy Praiſe.

V.

V.

Whate'er is mine, it firſt was thine,
And thine ſhall ever be;
All my Enjoyments ſhall combine
To raiſe and honour thee:
My Parts, my Time, my every thing,
Are wholly thine I own,
Accept the Muſick from each String
Preſented at thy Throne.

XXIV. *A Cry before the Sacrament.*

I.

TO Day the Lord of Hoſts invites
Unto a coſtly Feaſt;
O what a Priviledge is this,
To be my Saviour's Gueſt!

II.

All they that ſit down with him muſt,
Be decked with his Grace;
He ſmiles on ſuch Communicants,
And they behold his Face.

III.

But who, and what am I? O Lord!
Unholy and unmeet
To come within thy Doors, or to
Waſh thy Diſciples Feet.

IV.

Come, Holy Spirit, come and take
My filthy Garments hence:
The Guilt, the Stain, the Love of Sin,
Will give my Lord offence.

V.

Remember not my Sins, O Lord
Which ever load my Mind;
Thy Son did die for ſuch as I,
That I might Mercy find.

VI.

Worldly Diſtractions ſtay behind,
Below the Mount abide;
Be no Diſturbance to my Mind,
Nor make my Saviour Chide.

VII.

Let nothing that is not Divine
Within thy Preſence move;
Whate'er would cauſe thee not to ſhine
In Tokens of thy Love.

VIII.

Whilſt thou doſt at thy Table ſit,
Send out thy Spirit to breathe
Upon my Soul, to ſummon forth
My Graces from beneath.

IX.

Awake Repentance, Faith, and Love,
Awake, O every Grace;
Come, come, attend this glorious King,
And bow before his Face.

X.

O come, my Lord, the Time draws nigh
That I am to receive,
Stand with my Pardon ſealed by,
Perſwade me to believe.

XI.

Let not my Jeſus now be ſtrange,
Nor hide himſelf from me;
O cauſe thy Face to ſhine upon
The Soul that longs for thee.

XII.

O let our Entertainment now
Be ſo exceeding ſweet,
That we may long to come again,
And at thy Table meet.

XXV. *Under Deſertion.*

I.

MY Lord, I once could ſing,
But now I fear to ſay
My God, I only cry my King,
Of Force I muſt obey:
I've forfeited that Bleſſed Gueſt,
That Joy that ſometimes ſhone
Within this dark unhallow'd Breaſt;
O whither is it gone?

II.

In infinite Compaſſion, Lord,
To my Complaint give ear;
Whole Troops of Sorrow bear me down,
O when wilt thou appear?
Remember, Lord, what I am ſtyl'd;
Tho' under Darkneſs great;
Tho' under Darkneſs, ſtill thy Child,
My Heart is ſtill thy Seat.

III.

My King, thou doſt poſſeſs that Throne,
Thou doſt that Scepter Sway;
'Tis thine ſtill, Lord, 'tis thine alone,
I hate the Sinner's Way:
Lord, when thou ſeeſt me come to Pray,
Bow down a Gracious Ear
To anſwer; if my Lord delay,
One darkſome Day's a Year.

IV.

To ſhine upon a Soul ſo vile,
Would magnify thy Grace;
I long for nothing but a Smile
From my Dear Saviour's Face;

I will no more my Lord provoke,
Or cauſe thee to withdraw,
Thy former Frowns have made me wiſe,
To Fear, and ſtand in Awe.

V.

My reſtleſs Soul will ne'er give o'er,
Until thy Bowels move;
I'll not be driven from thy Door
Till thou ſhalt ſay, I love.

XXVI. *For the Succeſs of the Goſpel; as the* 100 Pſalm.

I.

WHen, Lord, ſhall *Jew* and *Gentile* raiſe
Harmonious Conſorts to thy Praiſe;
The Joys of this united Quire
Will tune our praiſing Voices higher.

II.

Broken with Grief, thy Watchmen call
To God from *Salem*'s broken Wall,
Alas! The Dews of Grace diſtill,
So thin on thirſty *Sion*'s Hill.

III.

Thy Saints complain that they are few,
Make Converts fall as Morning-Dew,
Owning that *Jacob*'s Tents are fair,
Own *Piſgah* for the ſweeteſt Air.

IV.

Our Watchmen, Lord, rejoyce to bleſs,
Smile in a ſeven-fold Succeſs;
O may thy Gracious Kingdom come,
And Souls as ſwift-wing'd Doves fly home.

V.

Now *Sion*'s Poor ſhall all be fed,
Here God ſupplies her Poor with Bread;

Thou

Then let the Saints disband all Strife,
Run Arm in Arm the Path of Life.

XXVII. *For a Soft Heart.*

I.

AMong the *Jews* let every Tribe
Turn to their Ancient Lord,
All Glory to his Name aſcribe,
With Joy receive his Word.
Let *Jew* and *Gentile* Worlds agree
Thy glorious Name to raiſe,
When they the Path to Heaven ſee,
They'll come with Songs of Praiſe.

II.

O that the Lord would conquer thoſe
That do reſiſt his Hand;
O cauſe that all thy Churches Foes
May yield to thy Command.
Thy Churches, Lord, beyond the Seas
Are graven on our Hearts,
Shower down thy Grace on them and theſe,
Let neither loſe their Parts.

III.

Let thoſe that ſeek thee not, be found,
Whilſt the Deſpiſers fall,
And thoſe that hear the Goſpel Sound,
May anſwer to its Call.
Thy Saints complain that they are few,
They make too mean a Quire;
Let Converts fall like Morning Dew,
Thy Praiſe will riſe the higher.

IV.

In *England* give thy Goſpel free
From a deviſed Dreſs,

And

And let thy Goodneſs which does ſhine
In *H*—*— ne'er be leſs.
Let thoſe whom thou haſt known of Old
Be quickly called Home,
Even all thy Sheep within this Fold,
Compel them, Lord, to come.

* *Name your Town here.*

V.

Build up thine own, who wait till thou
Doſt their Corruptions kill;
Breathe on our Souls, advance our Grace,
Lord, higher, higher ſtill.
Our Paſtor, whom thou doſt appoint
To keep our Vineyards, bleſs
With Saving-Grace thy ſweeteſt Smiles,
And with a fair Succeſs.

VI.

Of thy ſweet Preſence grant us more;
Much more our Souls deſire,
Until we ſing on *Sion*'s Hill,
With that Seraphick Quire.

XXVIII. *Another for a ſoft Heart.*

I.

THat Heart is harder than a Stone
That riſes up to play,
And ne'er with Sorrow thinks upon
The Sins of Yeſterday,
The laſt Night's Failures well might make,
If they were duly ſcann'd,
Each Rock, each Sinner's Heart to ake,
For Saints are daily Tann'd.

II.

Ah, Lord! Thou ſeeſt my frozen Heart,
How Little, Little Love!

I owe thee All, ſcarce pay thee Part;
Drop ſoftneſs from Above.

III.

If thou with-hold a little ſpace,
With-hold not very long;
Send down the melting Dews of Grace,
I'll ſend thee up a Song.

IV.

Make my Heart ſofter, ſofter ſtill,
Me like thy Mourning Dove;
I Mourn, becauſe I cannot Mourn,
But, Lord, thou know'ſt I Love:
Make my Heart ſofter, ſofter ſtill,
That by thy Gracious Hand
A deep impreſſion may be made,
Even from the leaſt Command.

XXIX. *Againſt Unbelief.*

I.

A Soul that burden'd with the weight
Of Sin that on him lies,
Muſt go to *Golgotha*, then ask,
For whom that Saviour dies?
Surely, for Sinners, ſuch as I,
That Precious Blood was ſpilt;
Come, poor defiled Souls, O come,
And waſh away your Guilt.

II.

When Jeſus calls, ſhall Sinners fear?
Tho' thou waſt Satan's Slave,
The Saviour's Voice ſhould ever cheer,
Whoſe Errand was to ſave:
He once appear'd to *Magdalen*,
When blinded with her Tears,

To lead on others to believe,
And caſt away their Fears.

III.

My Sins are grown ſo high that they
Deſerve a ſecond Flood;
Behold the Deluge, Chriſt is come
To drown them in his Blood:
My Work is to believe on him,
By Faith his Blood apply;
When Faith takes out the fiery Sting,
The Sinner ſhall not die.

IV.

Lord, Satan ſays my Sins are high,
And ſpread before thy Face;
Vaſt Heights indeed, but what are theſe
Unto the Heights of Grace?

XXX. *For Univerſal Obedience.*

I.

LORD, thou haſt planted me a Vine
In fertile Soil and Air,
Now tend and water me as thine,
Make me thy daily Care:
My Chriſt, I'm wholly thine, direct
My wandering in the Dark:
O may my conſtant Aims be ſtrait,
Thine Honour be my Mark.

II.

I have obſerv'd thy Sacred Laws
To be exceeding wide,
Let me not from the leaſt of them
Turn wilfully aſide:
Lord, let thy Word and Spirit guide
Thy Servant in thy Way;

May I walk closely with my God,
And run no more astray.

III.

Shall *Simon* bear thy Cross alone,
And other Saints be free?
Each Saint of thine shall find his own,
And there is one for me:
Whene'er it falls unto my Lot,
Let it not drive me from
My God, let me be ne'er forgot
Till thou hast lov'd me home.

IV.

O happy Christians be not loth
To have a coarser Fare;
Saints that have had no Table-cloth
Had Christ at Dinner there;
To do or suffer I am pleas'd,
So long as Christ stands by;
Support me with thy constant Aid,
Lest all thy Graces die.

V.

Thy Way is to the Upright Strength;
Lord, make it so to me,
That never tiring with the length,
My Soul may reach to thee.

XXXI. *The Sinner's Cry for Quickning Grace.*

I.

THE Spouse sought her Beloved One,
But sought him on her Bed;
Seldom such Seekers speed with God;
Cold Prayers are counted dead.

II. Thy

II.

Thy Saints enjoy a lively Frame,
Run cheerfully to God,
Their Heav'nly Praiſes ſhew the ſame
Whilſt I'm a lifeleſs Clod.
Ah, Lord, ſhall it be ever thus?
Have I no Wings for thee?
It grieves me to go bowed down,
Whilſt other Chriſtians flee.

III.

None can remedy this but thou;
Drop down the Oyl of Love,
My Soul then like *Aminadab*,
With ſwift Delight will move:
O come to me with quick'ning Grace,
Remove this drowſy Frame,
Then ſhall the Fire of Love within
Break out into a Flame.

IV.

Come, come to me, O come and ſet,
My Soul upon the Wing;
When I upon the Mountain get
I'll praiſe my heav'nly King:
No more delays, O come and blow,
Stir up thy Grace begun;
When thou doſt breathe thy Spices flow,
The Work goes kindly on.

XXXII. *For Communion with God.*

I.

ALas, my God, that we ſhou'd be
Such Strangers to each other!
O that as Friends we might agree,
And walk, and talk together!

Thou

Thou know'ſt my Soul does dearly love
The Place of thine Abode;
No Muſick drops ſo ſweet a Sound
As Theſe Two Words, *My God.*

II.

I long not for the Fruit that grows
Within theſe Gardens here;
I find no ſweetneſs in their Roſe
When Jeſus is not near:
Thy gracious Preſence, O my Chriſt,
Can make a Paradiſe;
Ah what are all the goodly Pearls
Unto this Pearl of Price!

III.

May I taſte that Communion, Lord,
Thy People have with thee?
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
O let it talk with me:
Like *Enoch*, let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my Day;
Attended with the Heav'nly *Guards*
Upon my King's Highway.

IV.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
O come, my Lord moſt dear,
Come near, come nearer, nearer ſtill;
I'm well when thou art near:
When wilt thou come unto me Lord?
I languiſh for thy Sight;
Ten Thouſand Suns, if thou art ſtrange,
Are Shades inſtead of Light.

V.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
For till thou doſt appear,

I count each Moment for a Day,
Each Minute for a Year:
Come, Lord, and never from me go,
This World's a darkſome Place;
I find no Pleaſure here below,
When thou doſt veil thy Face.

VI.

There's no ſuch thing as Pleaſure here,
My Jeſus is my All;
As thou doſt ſhine, or diſappear,
My Pleaſures riſe or fall:
Come ſpread thy Savour on my Frame,
No Sweetneſs is ſo ſweet;
'Till I get up to ſing thy Name,
Where all thy Singers meet.

XXXIII. *Departure.*

I.

I Had a Lord, but Ah he's gone,
And left my troubled Soul alone:
Him I purſue with begging Eyes;
Alas, he diſregards my Cries.

II.

I bid my Sighs my Griefs declare,
He counts my Sighs for empty Air;
So like a wither'd Flower I mourn,
Nor can look up till he return.

III.

O thou lov'd Object of my Soul,
Thou my Phyſician make me whole;
Thoſe whom thy Abſence makes to grieve,
Thy Preſence only can relieve.

IV. Sure

IV.

Sure Sin's the Cauſe, but tho' it be,
Thou pitieſt Sinners, pity me;
Lord, I have read thy Blood was ſpilt
To waſh away the Sinner's Guilt.

V.

If every Sin was Guilt of Blood,
And I mark'd out for Vengeance ſtood,
I'd run and to the Saviour kneel;
The Saviour knows what Sinners feel.

VI.

My pitying Friends would yield Content
To me thus loſt in Baniſhment;
None but my Lord can eaſe my Pain,
All other Helpers help in vain.

XXXIV. *Lord's-Day*; *as* Pſalm 109.

I.

THou ſpread'ſt a Weekly Table, Lord,
Where Souls may Banquet on thy Word;
Whilſt Means in plenty we enjoy,
Let not our Souls be parch'd and dry.

II.

We wait here at *Bethesda*'s Pool,
Thoſe Waters which refreſh and cool;
We wait whoſe Souls are ſcorch'd with Sin,
O come, dear Saviour help us in.

III.

Thy Power and thy Grace diſplay,
Be thou amongſt us on thy Day,
That Sinners may obſerve thy Call,
And numerous Converts to thee fall.

VI.

That thoſe who do thy Footſteps trace,
May find all Sweetneſs in thy Grace;
O may they never more complain,
That they have ſought their God in vain.

V.

Thy People at thy Footſtool lie,
Behold us with a gracious Eye;
O let our Souls with Jeſus meet,
Our Fellowſhip with him be ſweet.

VI.

Among thy People here am I,
Lord, let me not be paſſed by;
May this poor Soul with Triumph ſay,
I've ſeen my deareſt Lord to Day.

VII.

I ſit within thy Temple Shade,
O let thy Preſence make me glad;
Love me, my Lord, or elſe I die,
Thy love alone can ſatisfie.

XXXV. *Death of Saints.*

I.

MAn's Life's a Sigh, a Groan, a Cry,
Looks up, and then begins to die;
Death ſteals upon us whilſt we're Green,
Behind us digs a Grave unſeen.

II.

But Oh how free a Mercy's this,
That Death's a Portal into Bliſs!
While yet the Body's ſcarce undreſt,
The Soul is ſlipt into its Reſt!

III.

III.

My Soul! Death ſwallows up thy Fears,
Thy Grave-cloaths dry off all thy Tears;
Why ſhould we fear this parting Pain,
Who die that we may live again?

IV.

Who walk below in Light and Love,
Are ſure to live with Chriſt above;
A Boſom Heaven will afford,
To thoſe that live unto the Lord.

V.

O how the Reſurrection Light,
Will clarify Believers Sight!
How joyful will the Saints ariſe,
And rub the Duſt from off their Eyes;
My Soul, my Body I Will truſt
With him who numbers every Duſt;
My Saviour faithfully will keep
His own, and Death is but a Sleep.

XXXVI. *Another.*

I.

DEath ſteals upon us unawares,
And digs a Grave unſeen,
Whilſt we Diſpute, are full of Cares,
What may be, what has been;
Shall I be bent on Vanity,
And Rottenneſs to truſt,
Till Death ſhall lay his Hands on me,
And crumble me to Duſt?

II.

What if my Sun ſhould ſet at Noon?
If Death ſhould call to Day,

Canſt thou, my Soul go off ſo ſoon?
Haſt thou no Scores to pay?
Behold my Sands, how quick they fall,
How near I am my Goal;
Let not my Body be undreſs'd,
Till thou haſt dreſs'd my Soul.

III.

That at the Trumpets ſound I may
Spring from my duſty Bed:
Rejoycing at the Voice that calls,
Ariſe, come forth, ye Dead.
Lord, give me Patience if I lie
Upon a Dying-Bed,
O let my Saviour ſtanding by,
Support my weary Head.

IV.

Support my weak and tott'ring Faith
Whilſt diſmal Fears annoy;
My Jeſus be my ſweet Defence,
My Jeſus be my Joy.
Bleſt Advocate do thou not fail
At this time to appear,
O let my ſhaken Faith prevail,
My Evidence be Clear.

V.

My Soul in thy ſweet Hands I truſt,
Now can I ſweetly ſleep.
My Body falling to the Duſt.
I leave with thee to keep.

XXXVII. Pſalm 63. 8. *My Soul follows hard after thee.*

I.

MY God, my God, my Light my Love,
Mine All in All to me,

Wil

Wilt thou a gracious Father prove
To Souls that hang on thee:

II.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
For thee I thirſt alone;
The ſweeteſt Waters upon Earth,
My Soul accounts as none.

III.

My God, *&c.*
Mine onely, onely Friend,
I ſeek, I long, I look for thee,
Why wilt thou not attend?

IV.

My God, *&c.*
O whither art thou gone?
Either be near unto me here,
Or lift me to thy Throne.

V.

My God, *&c.*
Canſt thou that Soul forſake,
That follows thee with reſtleſs Cries,
Longing to overtake?

VI.

My God, *&c.*
Thy Child intreats thy Stay,
Father, ſhall not thy Bowels move?
O turn, and look this way.

VII.

My God, *&c.*
Come, come, with me abide;
Rejoyce me with thy Preſence, Lord,
I know no Joy beſide.

VIII.

My God, *&c.*
Hear thou my mournful Cry:
He hears, he hears me from above,
He will not ſee me die.

Pſalm 86. *Done by Mr.* J. M.

I.

HEar, hear me, LORD, for I am Poor,
And ſeek Salvation at thy Door;
Bow down thy gentle Ear to me,
Who am oppreſs'd with Miſery.

II.

Save me, my God, for I am thine,
Thy Touch hath made my Heart Divine;
Save me, my God, to whom I flee,
Who have none other Gods but thee.

III.

Let Mercy come from God on High,
The Object of my daily Cry;
I daily knock, I daily wait
For Mercy's Alms, at Mercy's Gate.

IV.

God of all Comfort, Give a Dole
Of Comfort to thy Servant's Soul:
For this my Soul doth bend her Knee,
And ſtretch her craving Hands to thee.

V.

Thou, Lord, art Good, and thou doſt ſtand
With ſealed Pardons in thy Hand;
Oh how the Dews of Mercy fall,
And anſwer at thy Peoples Call!

VI.

VI.

It ne'er was writ, here lyeth One
Dy'd at the Foot of Mercy's Throne;
Lord, hearken to my humble Cries,
And let them ſound above the Skies.

PART II.

I.

I Have a God, to whom I may
Reſort with Freedom any Day;
I'll ſeek him when I am in Pain,
I'm ſure to hear from him again.

II.

And when my Soul ſhall undeſtand
The Comfort of his Curing Hand,
Then ſhall I ſing, O happy Rod,
That brought me nearer to my God.

III.

What are thoſe Gods whom Folly feigns,
Thoſe Creatures of diſtemper'd Brains?
What are thoſe Dunghill Gods before
The Mighty God whom I adore?

IV.

O King of Nations, Lord of All,
Before thee ſhall all Nations fall,
And every Language ſhall confeſs
Thy glorious Everlaſtingneſs.

V.

For thou art Great beyond Compare,
Thy Works amazing Wonders are;
To God alone all Glory be,
There is none other God but He.

VI. Lord,

VI.

Lord, guide me in thy ſecret Way,
With ſuch a Guide I ſhall not ſtray;
Bring me into an Heavenly Frame,
Unite my Heart to fear thy Name.

VII.

My Lord, my God, my Heart ſhall Praiſe
And Glorify thee all my Days;
Thy Mercy to me doth excel,
I am a Brand ſnatch'd out of Hell.

PART III.

I.

THE Sons of Pride againſt me riſe,
Fierce Atheiſts are mine Enemies;
They fear not God, they love not me,
My Comfort is their Miſery.

II.

They mark me for their common Foe,
And joyntly Plot my Overthrow;
But thou, my Lord, doſt take my Part,
Thou, Lord, a God of Bowels art.

III.

Thou art moſt ſwift to Acts of Grace,
But unto Wrath of ſloweſt Pace;
Thy Mercy and thy Truth abound,
This is Faith's everlaſting Ground.

IV.

Whilſt God is Merciful and True,
I am both Safe and Happy too;
I cannot fall, who lean upon
The Pillars of the higheſt Throne.

V.

O leave me not, who follow Thee,
Let Mercy look on Misery;
Save, Lord, for thee I do adore,
As did my Mother heretofore.

VI.

Save, Lord, one Born within thy House,
A Child of Prayers, and Tears, and Vows;
Mine Eyes expect some happy Sign,
To tell my Soul that thou art mine.

VII.

Me with Salvations Walls incloſe,
To the Confuſion of my Foes,
That they with bluſhing may confeſs,
We cannot Curſe whom God doth Bleſs;

VIII.

We cannot catch, whom God will have;
We cannot hurt, whom God will ſave;
We cannot touch his ſmalleſt Limb;
We Curſe ourſelves, in Curſing him.

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